

THE PERFECT WARRIOR



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With thanks to Phil for helping me get my foot in the door.



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TIM ALY
HANK PATRICKSON
1977

METHODOICAL MADNESS

*I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said—"Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert...Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal, these words appear:
My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."*

—Percy Bysshe Shelley, "Ozymandias"

"I am Ozymandias, king of kings," the Egyptian said to himself. Staring out over the endless desert, he felt the agelessness of the land. Some had believed him mad to accept this assignment. Why build a base out here, at the risk of the Egyptian government blaming Libya, and the Libyans blaming

Egypt? Wouldn't a paramilitary complex attract too much attention?

But as he stared out over the desert, the Egyptian knew that their complaints had been just so much noise. Here there was nothing for miles in any direction, except for dunes, the occasional outcropping of rock, and scorpions. Yet he had the strange compulsion to come out here to the proposed campsite every evening, just as the sun touched the horizon.

"You will go," M. Bison had said, pointing at the map, "and build a base—here. In the next great war, this is where the true battles will be fought. This land and the lands surrounding it were the birthplace of human civilization, and it is here that true domination must begin. We will control this place, and the rest of humanity will follow."

M. Bison certainly had the mind of a conqueror, but not that of a true king. Though he might make an excellent general, it required something more than Bison had to command the true respect and loyalty necessary for any but the most fleeting victory.

The Egyptian strode forward, quickly and surely into the dunes, ignoring the jeep and honor guard behind him. Suddenly he fell, in the sand beneath his feet, an unexpected shift



which rapidly became a sinkhole. Scrambling backwards as the sands gave way, he fell onto his back and slid into the cool, soft darkness that engulfed him. He landed hard on a smooth stone surface some 10 feet below, as more sand rained down on top of him, then slowly came to a stop. He opened his eyes and found himself covered in sand, in a tunnel that led into darkness before and behind him.

"Hello?" He called into the darkness. Only an echo came back. He thought perhaps he heard the faintest whisper, but it must have been his imagination. He stood up, piles of sand pouring off his shoulders and head; he ran his fingers through his hair and rubbed his eyes.

"Master!" called voices from above. "Master, are you all right?"

"Quick!" he yelled back up. "Throw me a torch. Throw me a rope!"

A flashlight was quickly tossed down to him. Turning it on, he shined it on a wall and marvelled at the dazzling colors of paintings before him. Reading hieroglyphs he'd memorized since youth, he laughed loudly. "Ozymandias!" he shouted. "Ramses, Lord of the Nile! I know now why you have brought me here, again and again! I know what it is you wish! Your empire will rise again, my noble ancestor, like a phoenix from the ashes!"

But one thing stood in the way—M. Bison, who, unless he could be subjugated and made the lieutenant he should be, would be a constant threat. And Bison would never willingly serve someone he could best in personal combat. The Egyptian's martial training from his world travels was still at its peak, but even so, he needed something further to defeat Bison's psychic powers. He needed the one technique he'd never mastered...

INTRODUCTION

The Perfect Warrior is a complete five-chapter story intended for slightly-to-moderately-experienced **Street Fighter** characters who either individually or collectively have at least six points of permanent Honor and Glory. This is a fast-paced adventure, taking the characters across Europe and into Africa over just a few days. It is also a sleight-of-hand story: the characters believe themselves to be fleeing from the archvillain, only to find that they're heading straight into his clutches. The archvillain, in this case, is an Egyptian fanatic and terrorist known throughout the world only as "the Phoenix."

CAVEAT LECTOR

The Perfect Warrior is, undeniably, intended for Storytellers. Reading this book any further will ruin the pleasure of the story for players, particularly as certain surprises are revealed. If you are certain that your Storyteller will not be running this story, there is much of value within the book, so read on and enjoy.

Storytellers can use this book in a number of ways. It can be run as written, with only enough modifications to adapt it to your chronicle, or it can be used piecemeal, with various scenes being incorporated into other stories. Any Storyteller can benefit from reading this book, whether or not she uses the story itself: new characters are introduced, new settings explored and new Systems material provided, including a new Style (Majestic Crow Kung Fu) and a Special Maneuver (Rising Storm Crow) that's rarely seen or taught any more.

PLOT OUTLINE

Chapter One: While at a large tournament in Brussels, Belgium, the characters are approached by Jean LeMonte, another Street Fighter, who has heard that the characters are honorable warriors. He asks if they will hurry with him to a farm outside the city, where his Sifu is in need of help. He refuses to explain the matter out in the open, but pleads for their assistance. If they agree, he takes them to the farm. If they decline, the characters see him promptly kidnapped by agents of Shadoloo.

Assuming they go with Jean or rescue him, he explains on the way that the farm is a secret dojo run by the ancient Master Xaudo, a master of Majestic Crow Kung Fu. Jean overheard one of the teams in the tournament, the Lightning Fists, secretly discussing plans to "capture that old man" for someone known only as "the Phoenix."

When they get to the farm, the characters come upon an assault in progress. A group of Shadoloo thugs is attempting to break into the main house, slaying the students who have remained to protect it. During the fight, the characters see Jean perform the Rising Storm Crow maneuver, which not only knocks out a thug but throws him nearly 15 feet in the air.

Jean, obviously upset about the deaths of his fellow students, says that he will follow Master Xaudo, who has probably fled to Rome. If the characters offer to go along with Jean to make sure that Xaudo is safe, he gladly accepts. Returning to

the tournament, they find out that the Lightning Fists have suddenly left, losing to the characters by default. They gave no reason for their strange behavior, but only the densest of characters would be almost suspicious as to the whereabouts of the Lightning Fists...

Chapter Two: Traveling to Rome, the characters find themselves on the same train as (surprise!) the Lightning Fists. Through a variety of methods, they attempt to assassinate Jean and anybody traveling with him. If confronted directly, the Lightning Fists direct the fight to an empty flatbed car. If all else fails, they sabotage the train and jump off, intending to kill the Street Fighters in the derailment and fiery crash. (Yes, these guys are Evil with a capital E! Their boss is the Phoenix, a terrorist who has taught them many tricks of the trade.)

Chapter Three: In Rome, the Lightning Fists and characters meet up at the school of Master Xaudo's former student. Faced with the Street Fighters, Jean, Master Xaudo and a school full of Kung Fu students, the Lightning Fists back off after giving a cryptic warning.

Master Xaudo asks the characters to escort him to Egypt, where he will take shelter with his greatest student, Gamal Qebesenef. In return, he will teach any one of them (preferably a Kung Fu practitioner) the Rising Storm Crow. Jean objects at this point, protesting that he suspects the characters to be the "real" Shadoloo agents and challenges them to prove their innocence.

Once (or if) the characters' innocence is proven, they are easily able to fly to Cairo and once there charter a helicopter to take them into the depths of the Egyptian desert, where Qebesenef lives. Qebesenef, a tall, elegant man of Arabic and Egyptian descent, lives at a large guarded compound. When the helicopter lands at his camp, Qebesenef greets the group warmly, embraces his former master and helps him inside. When the characters enter, they find the Lightning Fists waiting with smug expressions.

From there, things begin to degenerate.

Chapter Four: Qebesenef, now known as the Phoenix, believes himself to be the direct descendant and reincarnation of Ramesses the Great, and in his madness actually considers himself a serious rival of M. Bison. He complements the characters on how well they have survived against the Lightning Fists and offers them jobs. He also offers to teach them the Rising Storm Crow, once he himself has learned it from Master Xaudo. However, the ancient Sifu refuses to teach it, confronting Qebesenef over his morals and intentions. Qebesenef warns that if Master Xaudo doesn't relent, the Street Fighters will die, one by one. The characters are imprisoned in underground chambers of an ancient Egyptian tomb discovered during the compound's construction. Can they hope to escape?

The chambers are peppered with intricate deathtraps designed to keep out grave-robbars, but which are just as deadly for people who are inside and trying to get out. Furthermore, one of the chambers is filled with a hallucinatory gas that turns the characters' fears and hatreds into nightmarish visions, which may lead them to fight shadows—or each other—without realizing it.

Chapter Five: Once they get past the chambers, the characters still have to defeat the guards, the Lightning Fists and the Phoenix, himself a fighter of near-World Warrior Rank. This will be a climactic free-for-all! This chapter also provides information on the repercussions of events that take place within **The Perfect Warrior**, and possible future directions for later chronicles.

Appendices: Appendix One presents all the Storyteller characters necessary to run **The Perfect Warrior** gath-

ered together for easy reference. Appendix Two presents information on Majestic Crow Kung Fu and the Rising Storm Crow.

Mood

This story has a slightly different atmosphere in each chapter, although the overall flavor is that of an international thriller. The characters are pressed for time: they are competing, step for step, with a team of terrorists who will stop at nothing to reach its destination first. The players should sense this; they should rarely be in control of situations, and the stress should be almost tangible.

The mood of the first chapter is one of grim destruction, with the honorable self-sacrifice of the students contrasted against the machine-gunning brutality of the Shadoloo thugs, all oddly juxtaposed over the rustic setting of a Belgian farm.

The second chapter should be cloak-and-daggerish, reminiscent of *Murder on the Orient Express*, with sidelong glances and sudden, dramatic blackouts as the train goes through tunnels. Again, it can resemble an international thriller, with characters performing death-defying stunts on an open flatbed car as the train speeds along mountainsides with the ever-present risk of falling or being knocked off the train to plummet to a horrible death.

The third chapter should offer a moment of truth for the characters. It involves an important turning point in how they are regarded by both Jean and Master Xaudo, who are beginning to become suspicious as they travel all the way to Egypt unmolested by the Lightning Fists.

The fourth chapter should be reminiscent of the Indiana Jones films, with the exotic mystery of ancient Egyptian mythology and symbolism. The Phoenix can be as megalomaniacal as you like—he's got the skills to back up his plans for world domination. Of course, he is a bit on the insane side to think that he could really be a threat to M. Bison—but this by no means reduces the danger he poses to the characters.

The fifth chapter is the climax and should feature a wild and woolly fight, with explosions and spectacular martial arts moves as characters fly through the air, as at the end of *Big Trouble in Little China* or as in any of the Bond films.

Theme

Madness and megalomania are two themes of **The Perfect Warrior**. How far will one man go to achieve his goals? How unreasonable are those goals? Qebesenef's sanity in attempting to overthrow Shadoloo is already questionable; he will stop at nothing, including casual and random acts of violence, to learn a rare and secret Kung Fu teaching. His world view is skewed, and his morality twisted with it.

Trust is another theme; Master Xaudo is led to Qebesenef because of the trust he has for his former student. Qebesenef, on the other hand, breaks the bond between Sensei (or Sifu, in Master Xaudo's case) and student, one of the most sacred trusts in the world of the martial artist and Street Fighter. Jean initially trusts the characters, but becomes suspicious of them as their every action seems anticipated by their opponents. Trust is not easily earned in the world of **Street Fighter**, where Shadoloo seems to lurk behind every corner and in every shadow. The antithetical qualities of trust and paranoia come together in **The Perfect Warrior**. Paranoia grows as friends become enemies, but trust should ultimately be born of the experience.

Using This Book

The Perfect Warrior is designed to be incorporated into an existing chronicle; it assumes that the *Street Fighters* have already started making something of a reputation for themselves. If you wish to start a new chronicle, it is recommended that you begin with "High Stakes" from the **Street Fighter** rulebook, or with a story of your own design, before running **The Perfect Warrior**.

If the players have beginning *Street Fighters*, then perhaps they know Jean LeMonte personally, which is why he asks them to become involved. You may wish to tone down the skills of the characters' adversaries, or perhaps have other members of Master Xaudo's dojo survive to travel with the characters. If the characters are in really deep, Cammy might appear, on the trail of the Phoenix, to get them out of an otherwise fatal situation, warning them to "go home and let the pros handle it." (This, of course, should incite them all the more to finish the adventure and save face.)

On the other hand, if the players are using *World Warriors*, you should definitely increase the number of Shadoloo thugs in any given encounter and beef up the statistics of the Lightning Fists, perhaps having Vega work with them. However, most of the critical parts of this scenario depend on the characters using their brains rather than their fists, so don't make it too tough.

If your characters have already run into Shadoloo, or if you will be running at least one story before **The Perfect Warrior**, you can foreshadow events, thus making them more "real" to the players. For example, if you run "High Stakes" from

Street Fighter and the characters find the "Kraken" file, they can find in it evidence of a Shadoloo terrorist-for-hire. Referred to as "the Phoenix," he lives somewhere in northern Africa, and a *Street Fighting* team runs some of his errands.

Even better, have the characters encounter the Lightning Fists in an earlier tournament and describe how brutal they are to their opponents—but don't actually have the characters fight against them until the appropriate time in this story. If your characters have established friendly relations with and professional respect for Team Raven (or any other team of Storyteller characters in your chronicle), have the Lightning Fists trash that team, using dirty tactics, with the characters hearing about it through the grapevine.

On the other hand, casually mentioning Master Xaudo or Majestic Crow Kung Fu in earlier adventures as seemingly "throwaway" references, only to have them prominent in **The Perfect Warrior**, is a great way to start the players wondering how many other clues are buried in the things you say. Soon, they will start "finding" clues where you haven't deliberately put them, but you don't have to tell them that—you can decide retroactively that the homeless person that the characters spotted in the alley was actually an ancient Chinese sorcerer in disguise, watching them for some future plot he has in mind. If the players take interest in some item that you hadn't intended to be important, you should find a way to make it so.

Similarly, try to incorporate any future plans you have for the chronicle into **The Perfect Warrior**. For example, a future story may deal with a Shadoloo plot to indoctrinate the Pope into the Order of Heavenly Unity; mention that, as the characters move through Rome and pass by a dark temple on the street, they feel an uncertain dread. Then, naturally, when your future story comes up, the same temple will figure prominently.





DEATH RATTLE

There is a powerful craving in most of us to see ourselves as instruments in the hands of others and, thus, free ourselves from responsibility for acts which are prompted by our own questionable inclinations and impulses. Both the strong and the weak grasp at this alibi. The latter hide their malevolence under the virtue of obedience. The strong, too, claim absolution by proclaiming themselves the chosen instrument of a higher power—God, history, fate, nation or humanity.

—Bruce Lee, *The Tao of Jeet Kune Do*

Brussels, the capital city of the Kingdom of Belgium, is a bustling and important European city, even if it doesn't have the romantic or dramatic reputation of Paris or Berlin. It is the headquarters of not only NATO but, more importantly, of the European Economic Community. Brussels is a city where trade, travel and tradition are all important aspects of everyday life.

Brussels also just happens to be the site of the latest World Warrior Street Fighting tournament! It has been widely advertised in underground publications all over the world that Cammy and Zangief are the main event at a three-day competition to take place in a soccer arena. Thanks to the string-pulling and palm-greasing of some managers and influential Street Fighting fans, the arena is "closed for repairs."

The characters arrive by whatever means is appropriate for their team. Wedged between Germany, the Netherlands and France, Brussels is a major hub for trans-European travel. If the characters are coming from North America, the manner in which they arrive depends entirely on how good a manager they have. If he or she is good, chances are they come via British Airways, stopping at Heathrow Airport in London along the way. If their manager isn't so hot, they might be packed in crates marked "fragile" and shipped to Brussels via Lisbon,

Madrid and Paris. Any characters arriving by sea come in through Antwerp on the North Sea.

Most people that the Street Fighters meet in Brussels speak French or Flemish (a Dutch dialect). However, since Brussels is such a bustling international city, they can easily find guides, waiters and taxi drivers who speak English.

If the characters have own goals that they wish to pursue while in Brussels (tied in to your overall chronicle), you should resolve them before the first day of the tournament—once the plot gets underway, it barrels on through to the end with few pauses. Perhaps the characters arrive a day or two early in order to take care of their personal business.

STREET FIGHTERS AND LANGUAGES

Street Fighters cruise the globe in the course of their tournaments and adventures; they rapidly pick up bits of language here and there. Language can be a useful tool or a major story hindrance, depending on the situation and the Storyteller's preferences. In general, the number of languages a character knows should depend on a character concept. An International socialite or an Interpol agent probably knows a smattering of many languages or a few languages really well, while a kickboxing Los Angeles cop who grew up on the streets probably only knows English, and maybe some Spanish.

Alternatively, the Storyteller may require that players purchase the Linguistics Knowledge (see below) for their characters.

LINGUISTICS

It is assumed that you can speak your native language, but you must purchase any other languages that you wish to speak. Each level of Linguistics allows you to speak to speak. Each level of Linguistics also gives you an understanding of the structure of language, which is in turn the basis of thought. With this ability, you can also identify accents and variant dialects or read lips, but each such capability must be purchased in place of a particular language.

- Student: One additional language
- College: Two additional languages
- Masters: Three additional languages
- Doctorate: Four additional languages
- Scholar: Five additional languages
- Possessed by: World-Travelers, Polyglots, Diplomats.

Translators

If a character is trying to understand someone who speaks a language she doesn't know, the player should roll Wits with a base difficulty of 8, lowered by one for every roll Wits with a base difficulty of 8, lowered by one for every two points of Wits possessed by the speaker (as he tries to simplify and clarify his point). The difficulty should be raised if the information to be conveyed is very complex or difficult to grasp ("How are you?" or "Take me to the airport") is much easier to comprehend than "The island nation of Mjerganka's main exports are pain, suffering, and oppression." Similarly, it should be more difficult if the language is very different from any the character knows; someone who speaks Spanish might have an easier time understanding Italian or French than they would an obscure dialect of Cantonese.

SCENE ONE: TOUGH TALK

The first day of the event involves team fighting; the characters' manager tells them that they are slated to go up against "the Lightning Fists," a team that works central Europe and the Near East. The first several hours of the tournament consist of opening ceremonies and preparation.

Characters who succeed a roll of Intelligence+Arena or Intelligence+Style Lore (difficulty 6) have heard that the Lightning Fists are some rough customers. They've been known to incapacitate opponents from time to time. However, only if they make a Phenomenal success have they heard rumors that the Lightning Fists have ties to Shadoloo.

During the preparations and opening ceremonies in the "closed" arena, most of the Street Fighters (including the characters) warm up. Cammy and Zangief are present with their respective entourages, if the Storyteller wishes to introduce some interaction between the World Warriors and the up-and-coming characters. Entertaining pre-tournament encounters include:

- male Street Fighters flirting with (or being flirted with by) Cammy,
- listening to Zangief give a long-winded but impassioned speech about the superiority of Russian culture and showing off a photo of himself doing a squatting dance with Gorbachev,

• Traditionalists offering demonstrations of particular martial arts Styles,

• practice sparring with other Street Fighters (Team Raven from **Street Fighter** is a good choice for this). One of these Street Fighters can inform the characters that one of the people present for the next day's *mano a mano* fights, Jean LeMonte, practices the difficult but powerful Majestic Crow Kung Fu, and is rumored to be a student of Master Xaudo;

- signing autographs for fans.

At some point during the preparations, Hercules Harrison and "Backhand" Bonnie Brown, two members of the Lightning Fists, approach the characters. The Lightning Fists are described in more detail in Appendix One.

Hercules, as his name implies, is a huge, muscular man. He doesn't say anything unless directly addressed by the characters, but instead glares imposingly. Bonnie, on the other hand, has a lot to say. "So, you must be the (team name). Welcome to the tournament; but you might as well go home now, you're just gonna lose anyway. We haven't lost a light yet, and we're not going to start now." She then goes on to describe to the characters in loving detail what the Lightning Fists will do to each team-member. Any muscular characters will be "broken" by Hercules, while small and fast characters will be "snapped like twigs" when Sanjo gets hold of them. At least one character will be "choked until his life runs out" by Mustafa, and so on. Bonnie is a coarse, mean-spirited woman who enjoys inflicting pain, and the Storyteller should make this clear by grinning with sadistic glee while describing the brutal fates that await the characters.

Bonnie's goal is to "psyche out" the characters and intimidate them into losing; the Storyteller's goal, however, is to make them see what scum The Lightning Fists are. They should be itching to soundly defeat these jerks during the tournament.

When Bonnie either feels that she's psyched the characters out sufficiently or becomes frustrated with her inability to do so, she sneers and says, "See you losers in the ring—but only for a few seconds!" She gestures to Hercules and the two of them leave, Bonnie laughing cruelly and Hercules glaring darkly.

SCENE TWO: A PLEA FOR HELP

Soon after Bonnie and Hercules leave, but at least two hours before the characters' match is scheduled to begin, they are hurriedly approached by a young man wearing a traditionally-styled, black Kung Fu uniform with gold trim. He looks preoccupied, as if a great worry is wearing him down. In a French-accented voice, he says, "Ah, you are the (team name), are you not? I heard of your exploits in (location of some previous story in which the characters did a notable good deed). My name is Jean LeMonte, and I am a student of Master Xaudo. My master is in terrible danger, and I need the help of honorable warriors! Will you please come with me?" If asked where Jean wants them to go, he says, "My master is at my family farm, not far outside the city. Please hurry, there is little time!"

Successful rolling Intelligence+Arena or Intelligence+Style Lore (difficulty 6, or difficulty 5 for Kung Fu practitioners) tells the characters that Master Xaudo is famed from past tournaments, as the last known master of Majestic Crow Kung Fu, and that he is a recluse who only teaches one team of students in a decade.

Unless the characters are the most altruistic and noble of individuals, they probably need some urging. It is unlikely that



they would drop everything just to rush to the aid of a stranger. Opportunists in the group might be attracted to the idea of meeting the famous Master Xaudo—particularly if you hint at his knowledge of a particularly rare martial art—but you should try your best to appeal to the character's Honor and Glory.

If the characters agree to go, Jean thanks them profusely and takes them outside to his small van; skip down to Scene Three. If they refuse, Jean looks bitterly disappointed and begs them to reconsider. If they still refuse, he says "Farewell, then," and heads for the exit, all of the characters lose two points of temporary Honor and Glory. Furthermore, anyone who watches him leave sees him grabbed just outside the door by goons in business suits and hustled away.

If they go to Jean's rescue, they find him being forced at gunpoint into a large black car by a five Shadoloo thugs (use the Gangster write-up from **Street Fighter**). Three of the thugs are shuffling Jean to the car, while two are inside (one in the driver's seat, one in back). Rescuing Jean at this point and going with him out to the farm regains the characters' Honor and Glory.

If the characters stand by and watch Jean being kidnapped, they lose another two points of temporary Honor. About 20 minutes before their scheduled fight, the Lightning Fists suddenly leave, losing to the characters by default. Quick consultation with the tournament's managers reveals to them Jean LeMonie's home address, and they can then try to catch up with the thugs.

If the characters ultimately do nothing, then the story is over, the characters having gained a hollow "victory" and a single experience point, but having lost Glory and Honor.

SCENE THREE: MASSACRE!

If the characters accompany Jean or rescue him from his would-be kidnappers, he quickly drives them out to the countryside. The trip takes about 45 minutes, during which time Jean briefly explains who he is and tells the characters some of Master Xaudo's history. He says that at the tournament, he overheard "Backhand" Bonnie Brown talking on the telephone, giving someone orders to "capture that old man and take him to the Phoenix." She also mentioned that The Lightning Fists would "soon be adding the Rising Storm Crow" to their repertoire. Jean realized that they were referring to Master Xaudo, and immediately feared for his master's safety since he's heard rumors that the Lightning Fists have ties to Shadoloo. He called to warn the dojo, then went to get help from the most capable and honorable fighters he could find. He decided on the characters because he had heard of their previous exploits.

If the Street Fighters ask why he didn't go to Cammy or Zangief, he says that he tried, but found the World Warriors had left the arena. (Cammy has received a tip that agents of the Phoenix are in the area and is going to investigate—she's more than a little irritated when she later finds out they were in the arena the whole time! Zangief, having made the requisite appearance during the opening ceremonies, has retired to his hotel room.)

The farm/dojo is owned by Jean's family; their primary crops are wheat and barley, and they have a fairly extensive herd of cattle. All of the farmhands are students of Master Xaudo. In fact, the only people on the farm who aren't Kung Fu practition-

ners are Jean's parents, who are glad to have such strong and trustworthy young people working for no other pay than three meals a day, a place to sleep and the honor of studying under Master Xaudo.

When the characters get there, however, Shadoloo's goons have already arrived and are making short work of the place: even the best martial artist doesn't stand up very well against assault weapons. In the driveway is a long, black sedan with three dead students around it, their bodies riddled with machine-gun fire. As the characters pull up, they see five gangsters in front of the house, firing on three more students.

The thugs' leader, a local gangster named Alphonse Corbin, is laughing and shouting in a thick French accent as he fires his Uzi: "Ha, ha, let us see your Kung Fu protect you against one of these!" The remaining three students are cut down before the Street Fighters' eyes, before they can get out of the van (or, if they're sneaking up on the house on foot or arriving some other way, before they're close enough to prevent it). Jean cries out, "NO! You—" and breaks off into a long string of French curses.

These guys love their work; they were given orders to capture Master Xaudo alive, but to let nobody else survive. If necessary, they are to set fire to the house, as well. Thus, they have no qualms about being destructive to the beautiful place. If a character flips on top of the van to make a threatening speech or dodge an attack, for example, the gangsters open fire on the van in the hopes of exploding the gas tank, taking the Street Fighter with it.

The gangsters are each armed with uzis, which they are firing in three-shot bursts. The weapons have Speed 3 and Damage 5, but there are two tests. Make sure that the players are aware of their danger before they go wading into the gunfire! The Street Fighters must take these guys out, but they have to do it with intelligence, or they'll end up just like the dojo's students. If the Street Fighter can get between two of the thugs, for example, the thugs will have to attack with their fists or the pistol butts to avoid shooting their compatriots, making them considerably less dangerous.

During the fight, the Storyteller should try to arrange for Jean to use the Rising Storm Crow maneuver on one of the thugs. This is a spectacular flying kick combined with a Suplex-style throw, and when Jean performs it, the thug is sent flying 15 feet through the air, to crash through the windshield of the black sedan or some other suitably smashable obstacle.

SCENE FOUR: AFTERMATH

Once the characters have suitably trashed the thugs, Jean immediately starts looking for survivors. He finds his parents, Henri and Christina LeMonte, who say that Master Xaudo fled when they received Jean's call earlier. The students volunteered to stay behind and cover his escape, but they had no idea that the thugs would be using machine guns. Master Xaudo has left for a dojo in Rome belonging to Lester Bertani, a former student; Jean knows the school, having been there, and tells the characters that he plans to depart for Rome almost immediately.

But first, they've got to figure out what to do with the thugs and the bodies of the slain students. If the characters try to interrogate the thugs, they find them belligerent until convincingly threatened (they're mean, but not very brave). Only Corbin knows anything, and he says only that he was approached by an American woman who paid him \$1,000 in cash in Belgian francs. He was to take Master Xaudo to her at the soccer arena, where she would pay him another \$10,000.

If any of the characters have contacts at Interpol or another government agency, now would be a good time to call for pick-up of the thugs and to arrange for the proper burial of the students. If none of the characters have such contacts, however, Jean calls an Interpol agent named Leland, at a number left with his parents by Master Xaudo. Jean's parents stay behind to explain everything to Leland when he arrives and to attend to the slain students, but Jean says he must leave at once, to help Master Xaudo against these desperate and brutal terrorists who are after him.

THE AUTHORITIES

WHY NOT GO TO THE POLICE?

Cops got better things to do than get killed.
—Wang Chi, *Big Trouble in Little China*

At some point, one of your players may decide it's time for the police to get involved. However, there are some good reasons to avoid this, which the Storyteller should encourage the players to figure out.

First, in many countries, Street Fighting is an underground sport, illegal and believed by most law enforcement agencies to be associated with organized crime (even when it isn't). At the least, it tends to be very disreputable. So the characters can't just say, "Well, she was at this Street Fighting tournament, when these guys with guns..." etc. Law enforcement agents can and often do get involved with Street Fighting tournaments, as spectators or even participants (just look at Gammy); however, it looks bad on their record, so they won't admit official involvement and may be bound to arrest Street Fighters, or at least detain them for a while.

Second, Shadoloo has agents working in many (if not most) law enforcement agencies, so the police may end up doing more harm than good. There is often a good reason to be paranoid. If a character says, "We should call the police," Jean might respond with, "No, I don't trust the police—Shadoloo may have agents among them," hopefully starting a discussion on the topic.

Third, it's just not the sort of thing Street Fighters do; they're warriors. To go running for help might lose them Glory. This is not to say that they can't enlist allies in their battle against evil, but they don't hand their fights over to someone else; police are notorious for saying, "All right, go home, we'll take it from here."

BUT WHAT ABOUT MY GOVERNMENT BACKING?

On the other hand, if one or more of the Street Fighters has contacts in the law enforcement agencies (such as Interpol), it is perfectly acceptable to use them. If Cammy gets in over her head, for example, she just calls the British Special Agency and asks for some neat gadgets and perhaps an airlift. If the characters have such contacts, they can do this too. When they seem likely to try to call for backup, this is what the Storyteller should generally allow the agency to provide:

- Information and logistical support. "Our sources say there's evidence of Shadoloo activity in Bangkok. You've got a first-class ticket on the 8:30 flight out of Karachi. Good luck."
- Gadgets, these should be neat toys that the players can use during the course of the story: "This magnetic keychain ornament has an acid chamber. Place it on the vault door and pull the chain out; this will breach the chamber, and the acid will eat through the ornament and burn a hole through the door." Make sure to let the players have only one or two of these per story so they don't start depending on gadgets to do all of their thinking for them, and to avoid having your chronicle degenerate into "The Adventures of the Street Fighting Superspies."
- Occasionally (once or twice in a chronicle), some manpower. "To break into the Shadoloo stronghold in the Swiss Alps, I'll need a minimum of 15 commandos." "We can provide you with 10. You and your Street Fighter friends will have to do the rest!" Of course, these soldiers are worthy and brave, but they aren't as good as the Street Fighters. The characters still have to make all the tactical decisions and take all the major risks. Government troops can also help the characters once they're already in a stronghold or whatever, usually to counter the big villain's forces (such as the soldiers who come in at the end of *Enter the Dragon*, so Bruce Lee doesn't have to take on the whole island by himself).

However, you should not end every adventure this way, or the players will come to expect it. **The Perfect Warrior** has such an optional ending, but it's intended to be used in a chronicle that has already been running a while. If you use this option here, then you should avoid doing so for the next two or three stories of your chronicle. Note that most of the time, the government requires proof of illegal activities before it can act, and even then it sometimes can't. (Interpol, for example, is prevented by international law from raiding Mirganka.)

- A ride to safety. "There'll be a helicopter waiting on the roof of the International Bank building downtown. It will take off at midnight, with or without you, so be there!"

Remember that everything has a price. The more often characters call for help from their government backers, the more often they will be expected to return the favor. "Sure, I'll send a helicopter—I'll even send you a couple of troops. But when you're done with that, I've got this little situation in Peru that needs attending to... Ever heard of the Shining Path? The plane tickets to Lima will arrive as part of the package."



JAMES DALY • HANK CHRLSON • 1995

NEXT TIME, TRY THE TRAIN

She woke with a sudden start; how much time had passed she did not know. Glancing at her watch, she found that it had stopped. A feeling of intense uneasiness pervaded her and grew stronger moment by moment. At last she got up, threw her dressing-gown round her shoulders, and stepped out into the corridor. The whole train seemed wrapped in slumber. Katherine let down the window and sat by it for some minutes, drinking in the cool night air and trying vainly to calm her uneasy fears.

—Agatha Christie, *The Mystery of the Blue Train*

The characters may want to return to the tournament; if so, Jean takes them back, thanking them for their help. Make it apparent, however, that he is uncomfortable about traveling alone to Rome. If they offer to go with Jean, the character who thought of making the offer gets two temporary Honor points, and any who agree also get a temporary Honor point. Jean thanks them, obviously relieved to have people along with him on this trip, and gladly pays for their transportation if they can't. He plans to make the arrangements while the characters fight their match with the Lightning Fists, and tells the characters to bash some Honor into their opponents' heads.

However, as the characters get to the arena, their manager comes running up to the van. "Where the heck have you been?" he demands. "The Lightning Fists just roared out of here 10 minutes ago! You win by default!" He explains that the Lightning Fists gave no explanation for their sudden flight, but Jean

intuits the answer: "They're going to Rome to finish the job their disgusting lackeys started!" Mon Dieu, I've got to go — now!" If the characters have not already expressed an interest in going to Rome, Jean makes it clear that they are most welcome on the trip. While the characters may want to stay at the tournament, it should be impressed on them that much more Honor and Glory await them in Rome, as well as the chance to meet the master of a rare form of Kung Fu.

It turns out that the only thing that can get the characters quickly from Brussels to Rome is the Transcontinental Railways, a privately-owned passenger rail-line. The train travels southeast into Germany, then follows a route painstakingly cut into the Alps through Switzerland and Italy, traveling along the western Italian coast until it reaches Rome; the trip takes almost exactly 30 hours. While a plane would be much faster, there are simply none leaving for Rome, or even connecting to flights to Rome, in the next 30 hours. No matter how the characters try, they find there are no chartered flights available, either; they are all booked bringing people to and from the Street Fighter tournament!

The team's manager by now is probably ready to chew nails with annoyance at the characters for running off on another foolish crusade. However, he's used to it by now and will arrange for as many staterooms as they need, two people to a room.

THE TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY

While there are real-world trains that follow the route attributed to the Transcontinental Railway, it is a fictional railroad. The following information is provided for establishing the proper atmosphere on board.

The Transcontinental, as it is generally referred to, was built during the height of the Victorian era by an American railway magnate and investor living in Belgium who supposedly wanted to go to Rome for the occasional fortnight's holiday without having his whole trip taken up by travel time. (The more popular rumor is that he was having a long-running affair with a beautiful Italian dancer who later shot him, but that is another story.)

The expense was enormous on top of all the usual costs associated with establishing and running a railroad, there was also the additional difficulty of cutting a viable route through the Alps, as well as dealing with the turbulent politics of the time. In order to make the Transcontinental profitable, the magnate decided to make it fashionable as well. It was just profitable enough for middle-class people to be able to save up for a trip while being just expensive enough for high-class snobs to think that "only the right sort" would be on board, with emphasis on the beautiful views of the Alps and the elegant service one would receive. Within five years, the Transcontinental was not only profitable, but was one of the most successful railways in Europe. Everyone who was anyone—or wanted to be anyone—would travel the Transcontinental, which of course only made it more popular.

The decline and end of the Victorian era, followed by the even more turbulent politics of the early 20th century, however, wrought havoc on the Transcontinental. The World Wars were more devastating still, during both wars, the Belgian and German sections of the railway were taken over by the German war machine and repeatedly bombed by resistance movements. It wasn't until the period of economic prosperity following World War II that the Transcontinental once again began to shine.

These days, the Transcontinental is completely back to its former glory, and is a popular means of transport across middle Europe. The cars are large and luxurious, with exquisitely tasteful décor, and the service is always excellent. They have three gourmet chefs who prepare breakfast, lunch, or dinner items around the clock. In the public cars, music—either classical, or 30s and 40s jazz—plays loud enough to hear, but soft enough not to be a distraction (Slaging tip: play some Mozart or Glenn Miller in the background during this scene.) The Transcontinental also has innumerable conveniences, such as complimentary on-board phone and cable service, satellite television links, and a small library of books, CDs and audio and video tapes.

Everything should leave the impression of Old-World charm and natural elegance. The Transcontinental doesn't make a show of being the epitome of class, taste, and style—it just is.

SCENE FIVE: PARDON ME BOY, IS THAT A SHADOLLOO SPY?

As the characters are getting comfortable and, one hopes, enjoying some of the amenities offered by the Transcontinental, have a character spot, possibly through the windows between cars, the Lightning Fists boarding another car. Even wearing normal clothes instead of their tournament outfits, they still look like they should be breaking kneecaps in a back alley. However, just then, Fixer spots the character and points her out to Bonnie, who barks out some orders. The Lightning Fists immediately shove their way onto the train and to their own rooms.

TRANSCONTINENTAL ITINERARY

3:45 p.m. (Brussels time): The Transcontinental leaves the station on Rue de Brabant.

8:45 p.m.: The train stops for 45 minutes in Luxembourg, then leaves and enters Germany.

Approximately 1:15 a.m.: The Transcontinental begins its ascent into the Alps.

2:00 a.m.: The train stops at the border of Switzerland for a 45-minute Customs inspection. The Swiss police are tired and irritable, so the characters would be wise to cooperate.

6:15 a.m.: The train stops at the Italian border for 45 minutes for another Customs inspection. These inspectors are a little more friendly.

Approximately 7:00 a.m.: The train begins its descent from the Alps in northern Italy.

9:15 a.m.: The Transcontinental stops in Milan for 45 minutes.

11:45 a.m.: The train makes a three-hour stop in Genoa for sightseeing and lunch.

9:45 p.m.: The train pulls into Rome, at a large station near Monte Garibaldi.

What the players do from here and the Lightning Fists' reactions to them determines the course of the next 30 hours. See the train's itinerary for more details.

Phoenix has ordered the Lightning Fists to Rome, guessing correctly where Master Xaudo went. He has arranged for some thugs to get on the train in Luxembourg, which means that for the first five hours of the trip, the characters have the Lightning Fists all to themselves.

During that time, the Lightning Fists remain in their rooms and do not speak to anyone willingly, of course, if the characters go barging in, the Fists will fight back. Bonnie wants to wait until they get to Luxembourg before taking any violent action against the players. However, she sends Mustafa to the kitchen—when the characters order dinner, the food is poisoned!

Poison is a difficult thing for the Storyteller to handle in the course of a game; most poisons are not readily detectable before they're ingested, and not readily cured afterward. The

THE CRIMSON LOTUS

This poison was developed as part of the arsenal of weapons available to Shadoleo and its network of thugs and assassins. Its immediate effect is to cause a hot and light-headed feeling; whoever ingests it takes a point of aggravated damage immediately and temporarily loses one point from his highest Physical Attribute. One hour after consuming the poison, he takes another point of aggravated damage and loses another point from his current highest Physical Attribute. This continues once every hour unless the antidote is taken. When one of the character's Physical Attributes is reduced to zero, he falls into a coma; when he loses all of his Health from the poison, he dies. Taking the antidote immediately stops this loss and restores one point to their lowest Physical Attribute; an hour of rest restores the rest of the Physical Attributes and one Health point. Each additional hour of rest restores another Health point. Characters with Regeneration can neutralize the poison in their own bodies by making a successful Perception+Focus roll and spending one point of Chi; characters with Chi Kung Healing can do the same, and neutralize the poison in others as well.

only way the characters could reasonably expect to avoid a poisoned meal is by not eating anything. If one of them inspects the food before eating it, a Wits+Alertness roll informs her that the food smells a bit odd, but the idea of the Transcontinental Railway serving spoiled food is absurd. The Storyteller should make this roll privately, to avoid alerting the players to any possible malfeasance.

Thus, the Storyteller has basically two options: the first is to have someone other than one of the characters discover the poison the hard way. For example, the waiter who brings their wine might surreptitiously sample a bit of it on the way. By the time he gets to the table, he collapses. Or, for more dramatic effects, a Storyteller character member of the group (Jean LeMonte or a team member run by the Storyteller) may begin eating first and starts to suffer the poison's effects, thus warning the other characters.

The second option is to have the characters take the poison, but have the antidote available—in the possession of somebody unwilling to relinquish it, such as one of the Lightning Fists. Mustafa does, in fact, have a small amount of the antidote with him—in case he ever accidentally cuts himself with his own knife, as it were. The poison he uses is the Crimson Lotus, which starts taking effect immediately but requires several hours to actually kill.

When (or if) the characters realize they have been poisoned, they may confront the Lightning Fists about it. Bonnie, fairly cackling with delight, informs them that she'll gladly give them the antidote—or, more specifically, she'll throw it to them from the train as it leaves Luxembourg without the characters on it.

If the characters go along with this, she indeed tosses them the antidote, but they're stuck at the Luxembourg station—although she wouldn't mind poisoning them, she'd prefer that the Lightning Fists humiliate them in the ring on a future occasion. The characters can try to commandeer some vehicles and catch up with the train a few miles down the road at the first crossing. Jumping onto a quickly-moving train requires the expenditure of a Willpower point and a successful Dexterity+Athletics roll. Failure means the character hangs on by their fingertips as the train starts over a bridge, requiring a Strength roll or the expenditure of a Willpower point to pull herself the rest of the way on. A botch means that the character bounces off of the moving train, rolling eight dice for damage and having to try again.

What's more likely, however, is that the characters attempt to beat the antidote out of The Lightning Fists. If they look hostile, Bonnie says, "This is hardly the proper setting for a fight, and there are too many people around. Let's step outside, shall we?" She is referring to a mostly-empty platform car near the end of the train. If the characters agree, skip down to Scene Six below. If not, then let the fight begin right there, but the stateroom is only two hexes wide and three hexes long, with an 8' ceiling, so there's not a lot of room for fancy moves.

If a fight starts here, a conductor calls the train's two security guards, who come in and attempt to break it up. Unfortunately, they are not trained fighters, so they end up getting in the way more than anything else. But if the characters attack the guards, the train's crew and staff will consider them hijackers and radio ahead for police assistance at the next stop.

If the characters discover the poison before ingesting it, then they don't hear from the Lightning Fists before Luxembourg. There, a Revenant named Castor Mitaxis and three gangsters (Paul Schwartzmann, Rudolph Herzog and Eric Curtis) get on board, with orders to do whatever the Lightning Fists tell them. Before boarding, however, their first order of business was to pose as railroad workers and place a small but powerful plastic explosive on the bottom of the engine.

If the characters do not leave the train, the Lightning Fists wait until around 1:30 a.m. (when the train is already climbing into the



Alps). They then order the gangsters and Castor Mitaxis pick the locks on the doors and dispatch the Street Fighters with experimental laser guns which supplied by the Phoenix.

Mitaxis uses Psychic Rage (see Appendix One) on one of the survivors of the laser attack to make her attack her companions, then he and the gangsters flee back to the Lightning Fists' rooms.

At this point, the characters are probably be more than a little tired of the Lightning Fists, and want to have a showdown with them. (If not, you have some very patient players.) If they challenge The Lightning Fists or even just threaten them, Bonnie suggests Car No. 15.

"LIGHTKNIFE" EXPERIMENTAL LASER

Shaped roughly like a smooth black flashlight mounted with a pistol grip, this gun is practically silent; when fired it makes a quiet electronic squeal that sounds roughly like a camera flash recharging. It is also very powerful: it emits a cutting beam which burns for five dips of aggravated damage and lasts for up to six turns, like a Sustained Hold (the firer just keeps pointing the laser at the target). After six turns' worth of firing, the power source in the laser burns out. The attacker does not have to fire all six turns' worth consecutively, however—releasing the trigger turns the beam off. Putting something between the firer and the target stops the damage until the firer gets around the object; the power source burns out, or the laser burns through the target, whichever comes first.

Weapon	Speed	Damage
Lightknife	+2	5 (aggravated)

SCENE SIX: CAR NO. 15

The map in the back of this booklet shows Car No. 15. When the characters go out to it, it is dark, lit only by the stars and a small amount of light from the other train cars. Other than a small rail around the edge of the car, there is no protection against falling off. The car is empty except for a few stacks of crates scattered about (the number next to each stack indicates its rating as an obstacle: see the sidebar).

Bitter, cold wind whips the characters' hair and bits of ice and snow blow into their faces as they step out into the makeshift arena. The train is hurtling at 45 mph or more along the side of a high mountain, with a sharp incline on the left (facing forward) and a steep drop on the right. The Lightning Fists are all assembled and eagerly awaiting their chance to maim or kill the heroic Street Fighters. This will be a grim battle!

During the course of the fight, Mitaxis (if he's still around after the laser attack) again uses Psychic Rage on one of the Street Fighters. The gangsters, on the other hand, watch but don't interfere; their pistols would make too much noise. The Lightning Fists lie, cheat, and use dirty tactics. Not only do they consider pushing someone off the train a good way to prevent a future threat—it's fun too! Sanjo or Hercules throws one or more the Street Fighters over the side of the train: have the player roll Dexterity+Athletics (difficulty 5) to catch the rail. For a character to pull herself back up without being knocked off by branches of passing trees or rocks requires six successes on an extended Strength+Athletics roll. On the other hand, if Mitaxis or any of the Lightning Fists get thrown over, he plummets to a grisly death, screaming all the way down. Dramatize this for the players by giving a loud, loooooomnggg yell that gradually fades into silence.



OBSTACLES IN THE ARENA

A key element of **Street Fighter** is that fights are often staged in impromptu arenas, whatever space seems good at the time. Thus, there's often stuff in the way, such as crates, barrels, flaming oil drums, signs, fences, piles of lumber, cars or whatever, and when a character smashes into one of these obstacles, it is usually demolished in a spectacular crash. (How many of those signs has Ryu had to replace on the roof of his dojo? You'd think he'd stop putting them up there.)

The Storyteller should determine where these obstacles are (a few randomly scattered about every battlefield makes fighting tactics more interesting), and how big each is. Obstacles should be given a Size rating between 1 and 3. Each point the obstacle has makes it larger.

Rating	Size
1	Small crate
2	Oil drum
3	Parked car

Each point of Size has two effects:

- Obstacles impair movement. For each point of an obstacle's Size, any characters passing through the hex on or near the ground must spend an extra Move point. Thus, to walk through a hex with a Size 2 crate takes three points of Move instead of the usual one. Aerial characters are not affected by obstacles of

Size 1 or 2 (they just jump over), but they must spend one extra Move point if the obstacle is Size 3 (they have to land on top and then jump off of it onto the other side).

- Obstacles add to the pre-Soak damage total that characters take if they are thrown into that hex. Thus, if Ryu performs a 13-die Throw on Guile and sends him flying through a Size 2 crate, the crate shatters and Guile actually takes 15 dice (pre-Soak). An obstacle that is shattered may either become so small that it is irrelevant or become an obstacle one Size rating smaller, whichever the Storyteller prefers.

The highest Size rating an obstacle can have is 3; any obstacle with a Size of 4 or higher (like a wall, for example) effectively makes the hex impassable. The Storyteller may rule that sending characters through walls or other impassable obstacles adds four dice of damage. However, this should require expenditure of a Willpower point and a Strength test with a difficulty of 7 for normal materials (such as wood and plaster), and 8 for very hard materials (like brick). If the roll succeeds, the target takes the extra damage and smashes through; otherwise he takes normal damage from the attack, and the character is out a Willpower point.

Street Fighters who end a fight by sending someone smashing through an obstacle gain an extra point of temporary Glory. Don't let players go crazy with this; it's not terribly honorable to be deliberately smashing people through walls right and left. It can be excused from time to time, but you should start deducting temporary Honor if they try to use it on anyone and everyone that annoys them.

If any players go over the side, they roll 10 dice of damage, losing a minimum of three health levels. Once the battle on the train is resolved, continue play with the "lost" as they team up to try to survive unprotected in the Alps and get to Rome. A nearby weather observation station with a helicopter can get them back to the main part of the story—but make them work for it. If they ask to borrow or rent the helicopter, the weather station scientists prove disagreeable, since it's their main mode of transportation; the Street Fighters have to do some good haggling. If they are inclined towards larceny, they have to get past an eight-foot chain-link fence topped by barbed wire and guarded by Kierkegaard, a huge mastiff that doesn't like intruders.

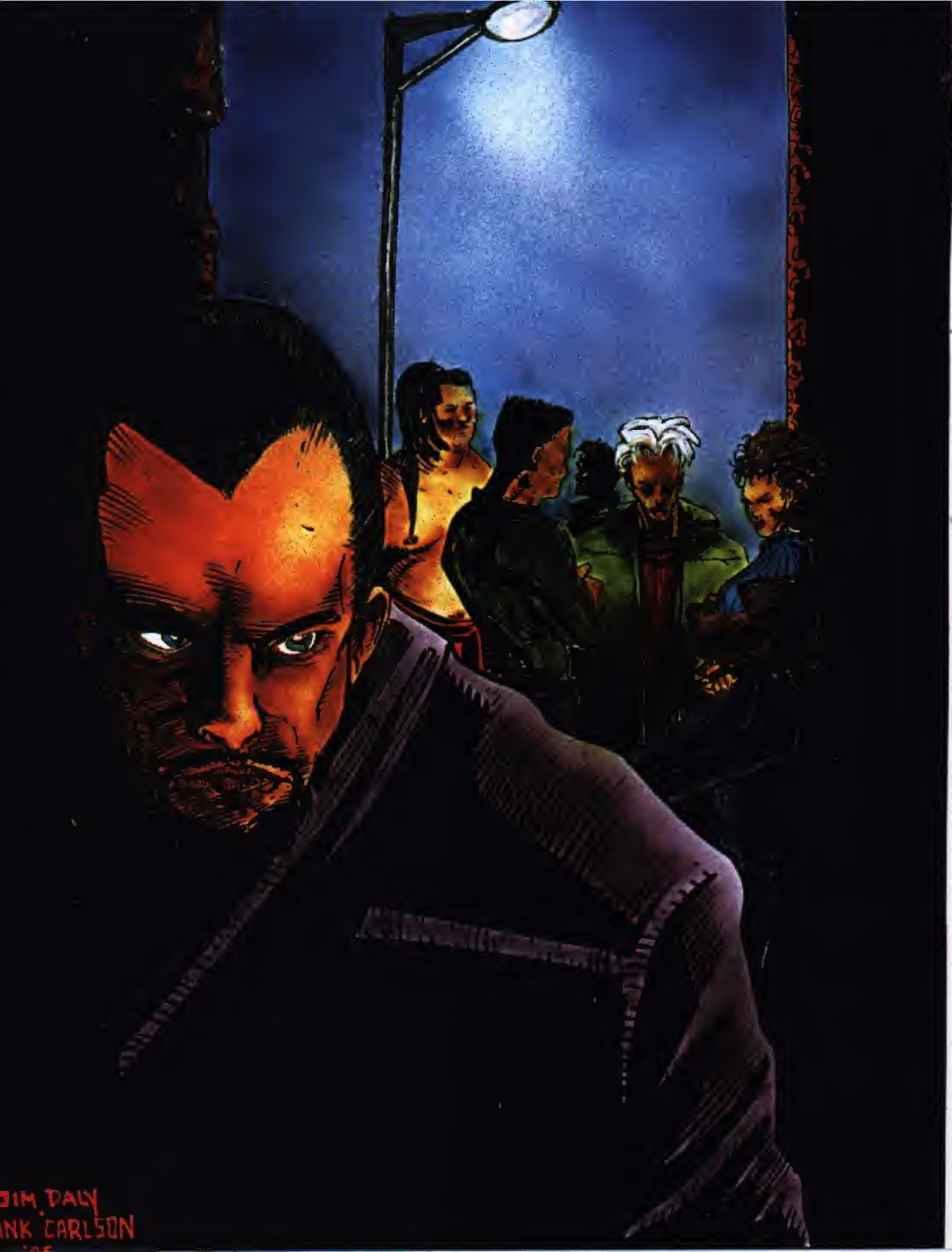
WHERE TO FROM HERE?

If the characters are defeated in this battle, the Lightning Fists bind them and pack them into crates in one of the shipping cars, leaving them there until the Lightning Fists are well off the train. If, on the other hand, the characters start mopping up the floor with them, the Lightning Fists turn and run. Bonnie (or Fixer, if Bonnie's down) yells to the gangsters, "Holocaust Plan!" The Lightning Fists attempt to gather up their unconscious comrades and climb to the roof of the train, heading towards the rear and jumping off the back into a snowbank, while the gangsters disappear into the train, heading to a forward car wielding a remote-control device with a "dead man's switch."

If confronted by the Street Fighters, the Lightning Fists or the gangsters tell them to back off: there are explosive charges set on the bottom of the engine. ("Aha, Street Fighters! You'd better not take another step! This train is wired, see, and if I let go of this switch, we all go together! Haa ha ha haaa!") If the players insist on trying to defeat them, they will gladly set off the bomb. They are terrorists, after all, and they love their work. If the bomb goes off, the engine goes up in a spectacular pyrotechnic display—killing the engineers instantly—and the train careens into the chasm below, passengers and all. While this certainly provides the occasion for some heroics, it is to be avoided.

If the Street Fighters do not intervene, the Lightning Fists will radio a secret Shadoloo base in the Alps for a helicopter to pick them up and take them to Rome. The gangsters simply wait in a forward car, finger on the button, until the train pulls into the station in Rome, then deactivate the triggering device and get off the train casually as if nothing had happened. They leave the explosive on the engine, however, since it would be too risky to try to remove it.

In other words, the Lightning Fists (or at least most of them) should escape your characters this time. The best course would be for the Fists to get away as the characters are chasing after the gangsters. The Storyteller should avoid actually having the bomb go off—it would make the story take a really grim turn that isn't really in the spirit of **Street Fighter**—but the threat should be real, and if it's absolutely necessary...



DIM DALY
INK CARLSON
1995

A TRAITOR IN OUR MINDS?

To become different from what we are, we must have some awareness of what we are. Whether this being different result in dissimulation or a real change of heart, it cannot be realized without self-awareness. Yet, it is remarkable that the very people who are most self-dissatisfied, who crave most for a new identity, have the least self-awareness. They have turned away from an unwanted self and, hence, never had a good look at it. The result is that most dissatisfied people can neither dissimulate nor attain a real change of heart. They are transparent and their unwanted qualities persist through all attempts at self-dramatization and self-transformation. It is the lack of self-awareness which renders us transparent. The soul that knows itself is opaque.

—Bruce Lee, *The Tao of Jeet Kune Do*

SCENE SEVEN: WHEN IN ROME

However the characters get to Rome, in glorious victory on the Transcontinental or ignominious defeat in a "borrowed" helicopter, they must hurry to the studio of Lester Bertani, Sifu of the Bertani School of Kung Fu and one of Master Xaudo's former students.

The Lightning Fists, if they are still around and capable, rush from the train station to a large van (approximately the size of a S.W.A.T. vehicle or large delivery truck) that is waiting for them with the motor running. If any characters watch the Lightning Fists climb on board, they see that the van has at least 10 tough-looking hoods in the back.

When the characters arrive, Jean makes a beeline for the nearest public telephone and calls the school—only to find that the number has been temporarily disconnected. At this point, desperation and anger begin to affect him. Nagging suspicions about the characters come into his head, although he doesn't confront them with it just yet. Why does Shadoloo seem one step ahead of him? Are the characters actually in league with Shadoloo? Jean tells the characters that the dojo's phone is dead and starts looking for reactions, trying to determine which of the characters is the Shadoloo spy, or if they all are. He also says that they've got to get to Bertani's school before Shadoloo does.

The characters need to figure out some way to get to the school as quickly as possible; methods include jumping in a cab and yelling "Follow that van!" or renting (or "borrowing"—with every intention to return it!) a car and driving with the accelerator floored the whole way. As the characters careen around the city streets as vendors and bystanders jump out of the way, cursing in Italian ("Damned tourists!"). Ask for a few driving rolls. Unless there's a botch, there shouldn't be any major problem except for dents and ruined paint on the car. A botch indicates the car crashes into the Shadoloo van in front of Bertani's house, causing everyone in both vehicles to roll six dice for damage, and effectively destroying the car. (There goes the security deposit!)

Bertani, a barrel-chested bruiser with a gaudy bauble of an earring and a huge handlebar mustache, looks more like a circus strongman than a Kung Fu master. He stands outside his small house in one of the run-down sections of the city, with 20 irate Italian Kung Fu students at his back. Behind them stands Master Xaudo, a frail elderly Chinese man, looking weary but defiant. When the characters arrive, the Shadoloo goons and any surviving members of the Lightning Fists are getting out of the van. There are 10 goons (use the Tough writeup from **Street Fighter**), armed with lead pipes, chains and knives.

Upon seeing the characters, the Lightning Fists realize they are hopelessly outnumbered and that the advantage of surprise is gone. They rapidly start climbing back into the van. Bonnie (or another surviving member) will tell Master Xaudo, "We'll be back for you, old man, after a quick call to our friends in Barcelona!" If the characters have been through "Tourist Trap" from **Secrets of Shadoloo** or make a successful Intelligence+Arena roll (difficulty 5), they recognize that Barcelona is the main stomping ground of Vega, a World Warrior who is high in the ranks of Shadoloo, and who has an army of Spanish Ninja at his command.

Jean has an emotional reunion with Master Xaudo, who tells him that Leland (his friend at Interpol) learned the Lightning Fists were on board the Transcontinental and managed to warn Master Xaudo. But even with the characters there and Bertani's loyal students ready to fight, they simply can't hope to stand against both the Lightning Fists and Spanish Ninja, with Vega possibly backing them up. Master Xaudo says that the only place he can now be sure of his safety is with his most powerful former student, Gamal Qebeseneh, whom Master Xaudo knows has a near-fortress in the deserts of Egypt.

He turns to the characters and thanks them for their assistance; since they have already gone this far, he asks them if they would consent to help act as his bodyguards until they get to Qebeseneh's estate. In return, Master Xaudo will teach the



Rising Storm Crow maneuver to whomever of their team is "most ready" (i.e., has the prerequisites).

Jean has had enough, and at this point he explodes. "No, Master!" he exclaims. "It's too dangerous! I think that one of these Street Fighters is working for Shadoloo!" He then accuses whichever character(s) he believes to be the most suspicious. In addition to any good evidence that's come up during the course of play (e.g., Shadoloo agents consistently "missing" a specific character, or a character always being elsewhere when the attacks have come), Jean uses as "evidence" the following items:

- Jean told the characters that Master Xaudu would flee to Rome, but there was nothing to tell the Lightning Fists that—nevertheless, they knew exactly where to go and even had people waiting.
- The Lightning Fists "just happened to be" on the very same train that the characters were on.
- The characters seem to know so much about Shadoloo (assuming they do).

Jean posits that one (or all) of the players are the "real" Shadoloo agents trying to kidnap Master Xaudu, and that the Lightning Fists are merely distractions. He challenges the players to prove otherwise. The Street Fighters, in their defense, have the following points:

- Jean came to them asking for help in the first place, not the other way around.

- The characters have pretty much been with Jean the whole time—how could they coordinate actions with the Lightning Fists? In response, Jean suggests that the suspect has a transmitter hidden somewhere, and demands she submits to a search.

Jean will not be satisfied with anything less than a thorough search of the characters' possessions for evidence of Shadoloo connections; however, he will defer to Master Xaudu's judgment in the matter. It is, of course, unlikely that Master Xaudu suspects the characters of ignoble intentions; he is a wise man, fully deserving the title Sifu.

Master Xaudu knows that Jean is being a bit overprotective, but since he has no way to know what the characters are actually like, he waits to see their response to this accusation. If they come up with a quick answer, as though they were expecting to be accused, he is also suspicious. On the other hand, if they reply with a reasonable denial or acquiescence ("Fine, you don't want us to come, we'll leave") or are willing to submit to a reasonable test, Master Xaudu is convinced of their honor. But while a bit of indignation at the accusation is understandable, if they become truly enraged, he will believe them honest but unsuitable to learn the Rising Storm Crow. ("It is a powerful technique," he says, "and easily misused by one who is quick to succumb to anger.")

If Master Xaudu remains unconvinced, he says, "I'm afraid I must agree with the concerns of my pupil. I thank you for the assistance you've rendered, and withdraw my request. Farewell." If the characters choose to leave, the story is over as far as they're

concerned. The players hear in future sessions that Jean and Master Xaudu were captured by Shadooloo, tortured and forced to reveal their secrets, and then killed. Obviously, though, this is a course to be avoided as much as possible. If the characters choose to help Master Xaudu in spite of his concerns (by following him in secret and popping up to rescue him when he needs help), they will gain a lot of temporary Honor for their noble deed.

If Master Xaudu believes the characters to be honorable, he apologizes for his student's overzealousness, and once again asks for their help. They must hurry and leave before The Lightning Fists return to Bertani's studio with reinforcements; having already been the indirect catalyst for one dojo's slaughter, Master Xaudu wishes to do everything possible to prevent it from happening again.

The next flight to Cairo is by way of Athens, Greece, and leaves within an hour—the only drawback is that the aircraft is a huge intercontinental cargo plane, which won't exactly be comfortable. On the other hand, the plane is large and open in the middle with a nose which flips up, allowing forklifts full of crates to be loaded. So it makes the perfect place for practicing and learning a new maneuver.

It takes two hours to fly to Athens, and then two more to get to Cairo in the wee hours of the morning. During this time, Master Xaudu begins to teach the Rising Storm Crow to whichever character has been chosen, while the other characters sleep, practice, or whatever. If the characters' manager is still cooing his heels in Brussels, Bertani can arrange passage.

SCENE EIGHT: THE TRAP CLOSES

The Cairo airport is nearly deserted, except for the control tower staff and the night crew who will begin unloading the plane when it has landed. Jean says, "Well, it looks like we have—how do you say? Given Shadooloo the slip?"

Master Xaudu tells the characters that the best way to get to Qebesenef's estate is by chartering a helicopter. Unfortunately, the various offices at the airport are all closed. The characters have to wait at the airport until 9:00 a.m., go into town to get a hotel room or try to find another way to get out to the desert. The Storyteller should try to encourage paranoia in the characters at this point; although at the moment they're perfectly safe, each mechanic carrying a monkey wrench might be advancing on them, every briefcase someone carries could conceal a bomb and everyone seems to be slyly observing them.

Once morning comes, finding transportation is easy, although nobody the characters talk to knows of any kind of estate out in the desert. If they charter a helicopter, the pilot, Rashid, has a map with Qebesenef's home marked on it only as "Private Installation—No Trespassing."

Traveling out to the estate is dull: 100 miles of red Egyptian sands, occasionally punctuated by a hill, oasis, or even the odd stone ruin. If the Storyteller knows Rashid, who speaks English with a very thick Arabic accent, regales the characters

LEARNING NEW MOVES

In real life, training in martial arts is a lifelong process; it takes months or even years to learn, let alone master, a new technique. However, the **Street Fighter** world is a little more forgiving: Street Fighters who are dedicated and study hard can learn new maneuvers much faster. In terms of game mechanics, if a Kung Fu practitioner has 16 free experience points, she can theoretically learn the Rising Storm Crow immediately.

But this doesn't really make for a very satisfying story—it is recommended that Storytellers require a character to train for a long time before he can automatically succeed at performing a new maneuver. A good length of time is one month of tough training for every two experience points that the maneuver costs to buy. Thus, in the case of the Rising Storm Crow, eight months of dedicated practice would make the character a master of the maneuver.

During the intervening period, the character can attempt the maneuver at any time. This requires two tests. The first is to determine how capable the character is of performing the maneuver. Roll Wits plus the most difficult Technique the maneuver is based on (Athletics or Grab in the case of the Rising Storm Crow), with a difficulty equal to the number of months remain; the minimum difficulty must be 3. If the first test succeeds, the character is then able to attempt the maneuver normally with a second test; if the first test is failed, the maneuver's Speed, Move, and Damage of a successful second test are all halved. If either test is botched, the maneuver fails spectacularly, leaving the character in a vulnerable (and embarrassing) position.

This method can also be used to simulate characters' learning of maneuvers that they are saving up experience points for. If a character has six points and is saving up for a 12-point maneuver, the Storyteller may allow her to start learning it. However, all of the character's free experience must go towards that maneuver until it is completely paid off; and the character can only learn one new maneuver at a time this way.

with all sorts of "fascinating" trivia about the area: "Cairo, which is called Al-Qahirah in Arabic, is the largest African city. We are now near the ruins of Memphis, one of the great cities of ancient Egypt. Did you know that even though we are in the northern half of my country, in ancient times this was called 'Lower Egypt'? This was because it was downstream on the Nile, which is the longest river in the world and one of the few that flows from south to north. You see the desert before us? In the ancient times, it was called the 'Red Land,' while the area around the Nile was called the 'Black Land!' This is because...," etc., if the Storyteller knows something about ancient Egypt, she can pad this out *ad nauseam*. This is the same routine Rashid gives the tourists.

Arriving at the compound should make the characters nervous. It is a large, sprawling paramilitary base, 25 acres of wooden and brick buildings, surrounded by a 15-foot chain-



link fence and patrolled by armed guards and dogs. A hostile-sounding voice over the radio demands in Arabic that the occupants of the helicopter identify themselves. Master Xaudo tells Rashid to inform the compound that Master Xaudo has come to see Gamal Qebesenef. Rashid passes on this message, and the helicopter is finally given permission to land.

There is a large open grassy area in the center of the compound, where Rashid lands the helicopter. It is grassy, watered via a sprinkler system—a new oasis within the hostile and barren desert. Directly across from the helicopter is a very large, impressive building that appears to be a fusion of an Egyptian mosque and a European fortress. Qebesenef, wearing a vaguely military uniform with medals and decorations, comes up to the helicopter and bows politely to Master Xaudo, then embraces him warmly. Speaking in Chinese, he says, “You are welcome, Master Xaudo, as are your guests. Please come inside.” He then escorts the party to the building. Anyone watching Master Xaudo notices that he seems distinctly uncomfortable—he knew that Gamal had an estate with guards, but this military base is a lot more than he had imagined.

The gates of a large building open, revealing a large tiled courtyard with an ornate fountain in the center. Waiting in the courtyard are the Lightning Fists and 20 soldiers with guns trained on the characters. Bonnie (or another survivor), clearly impressed, says, “You were right, Phoenix, he was headed here the whole time.” Gamal Qebesenef merely laughs.



JIM DALY +
HANK CARLSON
'95

BACK FROM THE DEAD

*There in the shadows, looks like a hand
Without its owner to give it a command...
It's got a purpose, but I don't know what it is
I'm in trouble!*

*There in the streets, looks like a man
But something's wrong that I don't understand...
His eyes are open, but they don't see a thing,
His skin is peeling off, his bones are sticking out—
I'm getting scared!*

—Oingo Boingo, "Dead or Alive"

SCENE NINE: PRISONERS OF A MADMAN

The characters are surrounded by soldiers and are, for the moment, merely enforced spectators. Any attempt to fight would be a fatal miscalculation.

"Yes, Master." Qebesonef says to Master Xaudo, who is shocked and dismayed. "I am the Phoenix; the Lightning Fists are my servants. I have achieved much power since you and I last met." Turning to the characters, he says, "And I have heard much of you, Street Fighters. The Lightning Fists have told me of your skills. You've certainly caused my poor Ms. Brown no small amount of difficulty. I can use such powerful warriors in my cause."

"Why have you brought me here this way, Gamal?" Master Xaudo demands.

"If you please, Master, I am Phoenix now. I am both descendant and reincarnation of Ramses the Great, and it is my destiny to rule."

"Why do you want me?"

"Because there is something I need from you. I am poised to conquer the organization which I have hitherto served—my agents are nested deep within, ready to strike at my command. But I cannot control Shadoloo until I control its leader, M. Bison. And make him my general. To do that, I need to be able to best him in single combat."

"You seek the Rising Storm Crow?"

"Exactly. With it, I shall make Bison take his rightful place at my side as I become the first Pharaoh to walk the Earth in two millennia. Shadoloo will be the spies and secret police of my new Egyptian Empire!"

"Never," Master Xaudo says, indignantly. "I would not teach it to you before because I knew you were not spiritually strong enough for the self-restraint it requires. Most certainly will not teach it to you now that you are bent on a mad plan to dominate the world. That is not the way of Kung Fu, and it is not the way of my teachings!"

Phoenix strides forward, rage in his eyes, grabs Master Xaudo by the throat and shakes him. "You will teach me, old man! This is not your choice to make! The gods have chosen me, and it would be sacrilege and conceit to defy them! Teach me, or I shall kill you in the name of Ra!"

Master Xaudo replies calmly. "Then kill me. Better that the secrets of the Majestic Crow be lost to man than to fall into the hands of one such as you."

Enraged, Phoenix throws Master Xaudo to the ground, as Bonnie in the background snorts. "Yeah! Kill him! Kill him!"

"Be silent!" Phoenix snaps. As Jean helps Master Xaudo back to his unsteady feet, Phoenix turns to the characters, saying, "Who among you will join me? I shall teach you many secret and deadly fighting techniques. You will be lords in the new Empire." Any character who makes a strong refusal gains a point of temporary Honor and Glory, while a death-defying insult gives them an extra point of temporary Glory. If a character pretends to join, Jean is outraged at her, calling her a cowardly, disgusting traitor and

cursing her to hell. (Any character who actually agrees to join deserves everything he gets.)

"Very well," Phoenix says. "You are right, Master Xaudo: I cannot kill you—particularly not after all the effort used to bring you here. But the same is not true for your students and associates. Guard! Take these prisoners the catacombs." Jean and any of the characters who defied Phoenix are led from the room. Turning to Master Xaudo, he says, "You have an hour to change your mind. If you persist in your refusal after that time, you will watch as these prisoners die, one by one. And I assure you I will select a most painful method of execution."

THE DOUBLE AGENT

Any characters who pretend to join the Phoenix's organization are in a good position to help their companions later on, but not right away. As Jean and the other "loyal" Street Fighters are dragged off to the dungeon, the Phoenix orders the double agent to approach him. He grabs the character by her jaw, staring deeply into her eyes. The character must roll her current Willpower (difficulty 7) to keep from flinching. If she doesn't flinch, Gamal will trust her and order a guard to show her to quarters in the main building (in his mind, she's brave and can obviously see that he's destined to rule—it doesn't make sense, but he's a madman). If she does flinch, he says, "You may be telling the truth, but it's too early to know. You will stay here for the time being." He directs her to stand with the Lightning Fists as he changes into his ceremonial robes for the upcoming executions.

Bonnie is not happy with any characters who gain Phoenix's favor. Recalling the Lightning Fists' earlier difficulty with the characters, she sees the new "ally" as a threat to the security

THE ART OF SCHIZOPHRENIC ROLEPLAYING (OR, HANDLING DIALOGUE BETWEEN STORYTELLER CHARACTERS)

Scene Nine is primarily Storyteller characters talking to each other while the player characters listen. This is very often awkward to handle during a game, since the players can only sit and watch while the Storyteller tries to portray two or more NPCs simultaneously reacting to each other by shifting back and forth in his or her chair and changing voices. When it works, it can be very dramatic; unfortunately, the Storyteller can end up just looking silly, and the game suffers.

There are three basic ways to handle this situation. The first is to simply play it out. If the scene is short, it probably won't cause a problem, but if it is long (as Scene Nine is), it's better to keep the players directly involved somehow.

The second way is to write the scene out and hand it to the players to read. Many Storytellers (the author included) begin each game session with a short written synopsis of what's going on to help refresh everyone's memory. This technique can be used to introduce bits of gossip or other important details that players might need to help characterize Storyteller characters who haven't had a very prominent part in the main storyline, and to act as a kind of "teaser" for the upcoming session. If the NPC dialogue scene is to take place at the beginning of a session, you can simply include it in the synopsis.

The third way is to write the scene up in script form and have the players help act it out. Each player takes the part of a different NPC during the dialogue, while the Storyteller plays the part of the villain. For example, in Scene Nine, players would read Master Xaudo, Jean, and Bonnie while the Storyteller reads the Phoenix's lines. Of course, the Storyteller shouldn't try to throttle the player reading Master Xaudo and throw him to the ground!



of her position (and rightly so). She watches her like a hawk, and discredits—or sabotages—her at the earliest opportunity.

SCENE TEN: THE CATACOMBS

The characters are herded at gunpoint down into the catacombs. The compound's main building is built on top of an ancient Egyptian crypt, which has become the basis for Obesene's belief that he is the reincarnation of Ramses.

The characters are all placed in a circular chamber and the door is closed. The floor then tilts, sliding them down into an opening pit below, and fills back up to become the ceiling of a chamber which they now share with some very old skeletons. The pit has only one discernible exit, a locked steel door which has obviously been installed in more recent times. The door has a small window through which can be seen a torch-lit stone corridor that is lined with hieroglyphs. No guard can be seen.

Any reasonable attempt on the part of the characters should be sufficient to open the door. Be creative: it may require repeated side kicks, six successes on an extended Strength roll, or clever use of string and chewing gum. Once they're out of the pit, however, the trouble begins.

The catacombs are dark, dusty and hot. They are designed to keep intruders from breaking in. (The actual crypts are another level down; there are many deadly traps and horrible fates waiting there, but they are beyond the scope of this supplement—although the Storyteller should feel free to expand the catacombs if she desires.) The characters are on the middle level and trying to get out, so many of the traps here are easy to spot and circumvent. See the map and sidebar for the layout of this level and the traps that are dangerous to the characters. The level above has been permanently cleared because Phoenix was losing too many agents by accident; getting out of it is easy and no map is necessary. However, there is one that the characters have no way of spotting or avoiding.

SCENE ELEVEN: THE CHAMBER OF SET'S VISIONS

See the map for a detailed plan of this chamber. Constantly flowing up from the well is a hallucinogenic gas which fills the entire chamber. It is only visible as a greenish mist that seems to crawl up the sides of the well and spill out over the floor. The gas causes nightmarish visions, which are suggested by whatever is pertinent to each character—fears, for example (such as the ones in the film *Young Sherlock Holmes*).

To help victims of this gas get into the proper frame of mind, the builders of the chamber put in statues of dark Egyptian gods and monsters. Specifically, Set (who appears as a human with the head of a doglike animal with a long curved snout), Sobek (who appears as a human with the head of a crocodile), a werelopard and a werewulture (humans with the heads of a leopard and vulture, respectively).

When the characters enter the chamber, they are immediately affected by the gas. Some may believe the statues have come to life and are attacking them, although in reality they're

CATACOMBS MAP KEY

Spear Trap:

When the hidden pressure plate (marked with an X on the map) is stepped on, a spring-loaded spear at the end of the corridor fires. Each character should roll Dexterity+Alertness (difficulty 6); whoever fails the roll (or fails it by the most) rolls six dice for damage. A character who botches the roll is automatically the target of the attack if two or more characters botch, then in a freak accident the spear impales the lead character and the force of the blow knocks him back into the others, and each takes the damage.

Cave-In:

While the characters are walking through this section, the vibrations from their footsteps cause the old and weak ceiling to collapse. Each character should roll Wits+Alertness to dive out of the way; otherwise, each rolls six dice for damage and is trapped under the rocks.

Ushebti's:

These are guardian statues, sculpted in the form of Anubis (a man with the head of a jackal). Aside from their archeological significance, there is nothing noteworthy about them. The Storyteller, though, is free to play on the characters' nerves as much as desired.

Pit of Scorpions:

This pit is six hexes across and full of scorpions—the Phoenix has given orders to keep it stocked at all times. The walls are made of smooth polished stone, which keeps the scorpions (and any unlucky souls who fall in) from climbing out easily. Anyone who falls in receives several stings, which slows them down and weakens them (simulated by subtracting one point from each of their Physical Attributes) as well as making them ill (making their Stamina have been reduced). After the initial flurry, the scorpions will attack a character alone unless he moves around too much or deliberately bothers them, in which case another round of stings is delivered (doing the same as above).

There is a lever next to the pit which deactivates the Bolt Trap (see below).


Bolt Trap:

When someone steps on pressure plate (marked with an X on the map), five spearlike bolts spring out from the wall. The Storyteller should secretly roll Wits+Alertness of whichever character is walking in the lead. If the roll is successful, the character notices five nicks in the wall opposite the trap, corresponding with the holes from which the bolts spring. If the characters don't notice, or if they continue walking, each should roll Dexterity+Alertness to jump out of the way as the bolts fire. Anyone who fails rolls eight dice for damage. The spears retract 30 seconds after being triggered, or when someone pushes them back into the wall.

Shift:

The entire corridor has shifted a foot up and to one side, due to an ancient earthquake. This has no effect, but should warn the players that the corridors are unstable, and cause a little bit more paranoia.

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just standing still and silent, as they have for over 2,000 years. Others may believe another character to be either Phoenix or one of the Lightning Fists, whichever one they loathe the most. Alternately, a character who has any particularly traumatic experience or has a particularly strong enemy might hallucinate about that instead. Jean, also affected by the gas, believes that the ghosts of his slain fellow students (massacred in Scene Three) are rising out of the well and trying to drag him down into perdition for having failed to save them. He is understandably screaming in soulful anguish and trying to "fight them off." Use the Vision Creature write-up provided below.

The only way to stop the hallucinations is to get out of the chamber—but that won't be easy! Jean believes anyone who comes near him to be one of the ghosts and attacks him immediately. The characters have to find some way to fight off their own ghosts while getting him out of the room. Milk this scene for all it's worth—this is a great storytelling opportunity. Any players who suggest torments for their characters and play the role to the hilt (perhaps going as far as voluntarily having their characters not recognize the hallucination for some time) should get extra experience points.

Each turn after the first, the characters may make a roll on Wits+Perception (difficulty 6) to realize that they're hallucinating. This does not make the hallucination go away, but the character realizes that it doesn't make sense and is not real. At this point, spending a point of Willpower enables the character to see the situation as it really is for the duration of the turn. On the next turn, he again sees the hallucination unless he wishes to spend another point of Willpower.



JIM DALY
HANK CARLSON
1995

THE BIG FINISH

Behind them small flashes of fading light marked the receding station. Without warning, something appeared in the sky in place of it which was brighter than the glowing gas giant, brighter than its far-off sun. For a few seconds the eternal night became day. No one dared look directly at it. Not even multiple shields set on high could dim that awesome flare.

Space filled temporarily with trillions of microscopic metal fragments, propelled past the retreating ships by the liberated energy of a small artificial sun. The collapsed residue of the battle station would continue to consume itself for several days, forming for that brief span of time the most impressive tombstone in this corner of the cosmos.

—George Lucas, *Star Wars*

From here, the course of the story is entirely dependent upon the characters. Their goal should be to escape with Master Xaudo and Jean, which could call for a helicopter or land rover chase across the dunes. However, a better goal would be defeating Phoenix and the

Lightning Fists in a climactic battle and destroying the compound. Possible ways to do this include:

- Leland: Master Xaudo's friend at Interpol is just a phone call away. If a character can get to the base's radio room to call for help, Leland has a special strike team in the air and at the compound in half an hour (particularly if the characters mention the Phoenix).
- The munitions dump: although honorable Street Fighters disdain the use of guns, as a rule, there's nothing wrong with blowing up a munitions dump (and probably half-a-dozen vehicles along with it) to cause a diversion and make a spectacular entrance.
- Infiltration: there are plenty of uniformed guards around; knocking out a handful and stealing their uniforms would not be too difficult. Once in uniform, the characters have relatively free run of the camp, although people higher in the ranks might order them to kitchen duty or stop them if they look suspicious.

SCENE TWELVE: THE CEREMONY

While the characters have been in the catacombs fighting shadows, Phoenix has for the first time donned his full regalia. Not content to merely kill his prisoners, he has made it his first ceremony as the new Pharaoh to formally execute them as enemies of the Empire. When the characters finally get to the surface, Phoenix is in the tiled courtyard, leading most of the camp's troops in a prayer to the old gods; he is wearing bright yellow robes and a leather vest, and a hawk-headed hood covered with gold trim and rubies. He is also wielding a heavy gilded wood staff crowned with a large sun symbol.

Master Xaudo sits near him, in a "seat of honor," watching the spectacle with a combination of sadness and revulsion. He once considered Gamal his best student and a good friend, but now thinks of him as nothing more than a cruel madman. The Lightning Fists look on with detached amusement. They don't care if their boss "has a few bats in his belfry," as Bonnie might put it—he pays well and so far has never been wrong in his plans, so his eccentricities are none of their business.

Should the characters burst in on this scene, with or without troops raining down from Interpol helicopters, Phoenix will be quite upset: "Defilers! How dare you interrupt a prayer to the gods?" He orders The Lightning Fists to kill the interlopers. Jean will run to aid Master Xaudo, should he be attacked by soldiers, or vice versa; Master Xaudo is certainly brave, tough, and more than competent, but he's still an old man and likely to be defeated very quickly against dozens of young and slightly-unhinged soldiers).

When most or all of the Lightning Fists are defeated, Phoenix says, "Ra, Lord of the Sun, give me your blessing and strength to defeat these defilers!" and wades into the characters. This guy is really tough, so the players will have to be clever to defeat him, particularly if they're weakened by the fight with the Lightning Fists.

Throughout the proceedings, the Phoenix's troops will more or less play the role of audience, first ordered by their leader to let the Lightning Fists finish off the Street Fighters, and then simply staying out his way when he gets involved. If any of the Phoenix's soldiers (there are 40 on base) do get involved, use the Soldier description in **Street Fighter** for combat information. Ideally, the characters (or Jean) have contacted Leland, and the soldiers will be occupied with Interpol agents or similar forces. Chances are good that many will scatter when things start to look bad.



FOLLOW-UP

When Phoenix escapes or is captured and the battle ends, the story is pretty much over. However, there are likely to be a lot of loose ends that still need to be tied up.

CAMMY

If Cammy shows up, she tells the characters that she's been on the trail of the Phoenix for some time. She learned from Leland about Shadoloo involvement in the massacre at the Brussels farmhouse, and has been chasing the characters ever since. "You looked good out there," she says. "Real good. I've a feeling we'll be seeing more of each other." Then, with a wink at the most attractive male in the group, she heads for the helicopters. The characters don't gain any Honor or Glory, but have made a valuable contact

MASTER XAUDO AND JEAN LEMONTE

If they survive, they are very grateful to the characters for their help. Master Xaudo offers to continue teaching the same character Majestic Crow Kung Fu, and becomes a Level 4 Sensei for her if she wishes it. Furthermore, all characters gain two points of temporary Honor and Glory if Jean survived and an additional three points if they saved Master Xaudo.

IF THE HERDES ARE LOSING BIG TIME

If the characters are getting trashed, through bad planning or just plain bad luck (hey, it happens), there's still one more surprise that you can pull out of your Storyteller's bag of tricks—Cammy!

She comes in one of the Interpol helicopters (or brings some British Special Agency helicopters and troops from Gibraltar) and swings down onto the scene just in time to deliver a surprise smashing kick on Phoenix. "I've been following you chaps since Brussels!" she says. "I'll admit I haven't found you!" She winks and gives a thumbs up to the characters still standing, and says, "Now let's kick some Shadoloo butt!" Cammy should not defeat Phoenix herself; her role is merely to weaken him somewhat and prevent him from defeating the characters. Phoenix should either escape in a helicopter, vowing revenge, or one of the characters should strike the final blow.



Jean is not interested in joining the characters' team, but becomes a close ally who can be called on in the future. Now that he finally feels that he can trust the Street Fighters, he is more than willing to return the assistance which they so generously offered.

THE PHOENIX

If the characters merely escape from the compound without striking a serious blow to The Phoenix, they have gained a powerful enemy. The Phoenix will continue to run his terrorist organization and work for Shadoloo, but does not attempt to confront Bison for unless he can find another maneuver as powerful as the Rising Storm Crow. It is likely that Bison tires of the incipient Emperor and takes care of him before he becomes a true threat, but the Phoenix can still provide many more threats to the Street Fighters until that time arrives. The characters each gain a point of temporary Glory for having the guts to cross his path and live, but they will not gain any Honor.

If the characters destroy Phoenix's base but allow him to escape, M. Bison gets word of what Phoenix had planned and issues the order, "Find him and kill him." Phoenix goes into hiding until he can get the chance to

destroy the Street Fighters who ruined his plans, but that's another story. The characters each gain two points of temporary Glory and one point of temporary Honor.

If the characters defeat Phoenix and destroy his base, depositing him in the custody of Interpol or the British Special Agency, he stewes in a cell for a few months until he is found dead by the guard one morning. There is no visible cause of death, but he is bleeding from the ears. Bison strikes again! The characters will gain two points of temporary Glory and two points of temporary Honor for destroying the Phoenix's operations and capturing him.

THE LIGHTNING FISTS

It is likely that a few of them die over the course of the story; the surviving Lightning Fists scatter and are not seen as a group again, although individuals certainly cross the paths of the characters in the future, seeking revenge. Herc Harrison and Sanjo have room for redemption, and future storylines could revolve around them turning into honorable characters, albeit ones with checkered pasts. Bringing one of these poor wretches "back to the light" is a good follow-up story to **The Perfect Warrior**, and could gain the characters yet more Honor.

Appendix 1:

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Appendix 1: Cast of Characters



PROTAGONISTS

JEAN LEMONTE

Jean was always a bit of a misfit; a smallish boy prone to bookishness, he was constantly on the receiving end of abuse at school, until the day the old man came to the farm. He was an Asian man, far from home, and he asked the boy to get his parents. When Jean called them out, the old man said, "I wish to work the land; I am a simple man who loves the quiet life. If you will allow me to stay here, I will work for you. All I ask in return is a small amount of food."

His parents were unwilling at first. "I know much that is useful," the old man said, gesturing at Jean's latest bruises. "I can teach your son, for example, how to avoid getting into fights at school." His parents looked at Jean, then the old man. "We'll try it for a few days, and see," his father said.

The old man, Master Xaudo, became a part of the family almost immediately. Jean very quickly learned Kung Fu; the fights at school rapidly became less frequent and eventually stopped altogether, as none of the other boys dared to challenge him. But Jean was learning wisdom, too; he never used his skills for personal glory or even well-deserved revenge. A few of his childhood antagonists even became his friends as they realized the foolishness of their old behavior.

Master Xaudo asked Jean not to go to public Kung Fu tournaments with his skills, because the wide publicity of such events did not suit him; Jean knew, however, that he had to have a challenge if he were to continue to improve. So he asked for permission to fight in the underground tournaments, and Master Xaudo agreed—provided that Jean would not bring attention to his Sifu's existence. But Jean's skill was such that he quickly attracted people who wanted to learn his art. Almost all were turned

away, but a small handful were accepted by Master Xaudo, provided they worked the LeMonte farm for free.

For Jean, the past several years have been the best of his life—but that will quickly change by the dark tendrils of Shadoloo...

Playing Jean: You are honest, upright, brave, and honorable. You are deeply honored to have been chosen by Master Xaudo, and you are fiercely loyal to him.

You hope to one day be a master of Majestic Crow Kung Fu, so it won't disappear from the Earth when your Sifu finally passes from this life.

While you are generally a happy person, during most of this adventure you are depressed, somewhat morose and a little suspicious—the massacre in Scene Three is a major blow, from which you will need quite some time to recover.

If Master Xaudo should perish, you will blame yourself and the Street Fighters, and be bitter about it for years to come.

Appearance: Jean

is light-skinned, of medium height and slight of build, and covered with taut muscles.

His hair is short and medium brown, and he usually has an

earnest expression on his face. Outside of the ring he generally wears casual, loose-fitting clothes and sneakers; inside the ring he wears a traditional Kung Fu uniform and slippers.

Quote: *To study under Master Xaudo is a great honor, and I strive to be worthy of it.*



STREET FIGHTER

Name: JEAN LEMONTE
Player:
Chronicle: PERFECT WARRIOR

Style: MAJESTIC CROW
School: MASTER XAUDO
Stable:

Team:
Concept: YOUNG HERO
Signature: GRIN, THUMBS-UP

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL

Strength ●●●●○
Dexterity ●●●●○
Stamina ●●●●○

SOCIAL

Charisma ●●●●○
Manipulation ●●●●○
Appearance ●●●●○

MENTAL

Perception ●●●●○
Intelligence ●●●●○
Wits ●●●●○

ABILITIES

TALENTS

Alertness ●●●●○
Interrogation ○○○○○
Intimidation ●○○○○
Insight ●●●●○
Streetwise ●●●●○
Subterfuge ○○○○○

SKILLS

Blind Fighting ●●●●○
Drive ●●●●○
Leadership ●●●●○
Security ○○○○○
Stealth ●●●●○
Survival ●●●●○

KNOWLEDGES

Arena ●●●●○
Computer ○○○○○
Investigation ●○○○○
Medicine ●○○○○
Mysteries ●○○○○
Style Lore ●●●●○

ADVANTAGES

BACKGROUND

SENSEI ●●●●○
 ○○○○○
 ○○○○○
 ○○○○○
 ○○○○○
 ○○○○○
 ○○○○○

TECHNIQUES

Punch ●●●●○
Kick ●●●●○
Block ●●●●○
Grab ●●●●○
Athletics ●●●●○
Focus ●●●●○

SPECIAL MANEUVERS

MONKEY GRAB PUNCH
 TRIPLE STRIKE
 DOUBLE DREAD KICK
 DOUBLE-HIT KICK
 RISING STORM CROW
 THROW
 FOOT SWEEP
 AIR SMASH
 JUMP
 KIPPUP

Combos: BLOCK - ROUNDHOUSE
 MOVE - RISING STORM CROW

REPUTATION

Glory ●●●●○
 ○○○○○
Honor ●●●●○
 ○○○○○

CHI

●●●●○
 ○○○○○

WILLPOWER

●●●●○
 ○○○○○

HEALTH

●●●●○
 ○○○○○
 ●○○○○
 ○○○○○

Division: _____
Rank: _____

STANDING

Wins _____ Losses _____
 Draws _____ KOs _____

EXPERIENCE

MASTER XAUDO

Xaudo was born in China in 1902, to a poor peasant farmer. He spent his childhood wandering from place to place, getting into trouble and picking up bits of knowledge. One day he wandered into a small shop on a dark and empty street. The owner, an ancient man with a long white beard and a very peculiar sense of humor, saw something more in the young Xaudo than just another wayward youth. The ancient took it upon himself to become Xaudo's Sifu, teaching him the vanishing art of Majestic Crow Kung Fu.

When the Nationalists and Communists gained firm control of the Chinese Republic in 1937, the old man and Xaudo fled. They spent many years traveling across Asia until the old man died helping refugees escape war-torn Peking during World War II. After the war, Xaudo stayed in Taiwan, then called Formosa, until martial law was declared in 1949.

Xaudo traveled to the United States, where he began teaching Kung Fu to Chinese immigrants and their families in San Francisco, and fighting in tournaments. He stayed there until the late 1960s; he left the U.S. in annoyance at Bruce Lee's teaching methods and philosophies, believing Jeet Kune Do to be a "shapeless mish-mash." While he has since admitted that Bruce Lee was a very capable martial artist and that there is something to Jeet Kune Do after all, he still prefers the more traditional techniques he learned from his master.

After winning world championships in Kung Fu in 1968 and 1969, Xaudo retired from the public eye—partially to pursue his teaching, partially due to his age, and partially because he was gaining too much notoriety. After several clashes with the Chinese Triads and many other organized crime groups, he was becoming the target of assassination attempts. Traveling across Europe, he ended up in Italy, where he

opened a small school. There he taught Lester Bertani, who later went on to open his own school of Hung Gar Kung Fu, and Gamal Qebeseneh, whom he always regarded as his best student. Unfortunately, despite all Qebeseneh's skill, Xaudo felt that his student lacked a certain strength of character—Xaudo's intuition led him to have doubts about Qebeseneh's moral qualities, and Xaudo's doubts caused him to send Qebeseneh away.

Disappointed, Xaudo went back to traveling. Eventually he spotted a young boy set upon by a crowd of other boys; though he was badly outnumbered, the boy, Jean LeMonte, was able to fight them off long enough to escape. Jean had courage and a brain; all he needed was a teacher. Reminded of the boy he had been so long ago, and of the old man who had taught him so much, Xaudo went to Jean's home and offered to teach him.

Playing Master Xaudo: You are the archetypal wizened ancient. Your body has become frail over the past few years, yet you have an active and agile mind. You still delight in the things that made you happy in your youth—Nature, being with loved ones, and your martial art. You enjoy spirited debate and discussions of philosophy, and you love to help people learn and grow.

Appearance: Master Xaudo is a small and frail Chinese man, balding in the front with long, thin white hair in the back. He generally wears simple clothing. He is stately and dignified, but he usually has a wry smile.

Note: Master Xaudo knows a number of Special Maneuvers, but those listed are his preferred ones; furthermore, because of his age and frailty, he can only perform one Special Maneuver every three turns.

Quote: *People think that emptiness is a negative thing; but look at an empty jar. If the jar were full, you couldn't use it for anything. But because it's empty, you can use it! Therefore, its emptiness is positive.*



STREET FIGHTER

Name: MASTER XAUDO

Player:

Chronicle: PERFECT WARRIOR

Style: MAJESTIC CROW

School:

Stable:

Team:

Concept: WISE MASTER

Signature: NODS

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL

Strength ●●○○○
Dexterity ●●○○○
Stamina ●○○○○

SOCIAL

Charisma ●●●○○
Manipulation ●●●○○
Appearance ●●●○○

MENTAL

Perception ●●●○○
Intelligence ●●●○○
Wits ●●●○○

ABILITIES

TALENTS

Alertness ●●●○○
Interrogation ●●○○○
Intimidation ●●○○○
Insight ●●●●●
Streetwise ●●○○○
Subterfuge ○○○○○

SKILLS

Blind Fighting ●●●●●
Drive ●●○○○
Leadership ●●●●●
Security ○○○○○
Stealth ●●○○○
Survival ●●●●●

KNOWLEDGES

Arena ●●●●●
Computer ○○○○○
Investigation ●●○○○
Medicine ●●●●○
Mysteries ●●●●●
Style Lore ●●●●●

ADVANTAGES

BACKGROUNDS

ALLIES ●●●○○
ARENA ●●●○○
CONTACTS ●●●○○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

TECHNIQUES

Punch ●●●●●
Kick ●●●●●
Block ●●●●●
Grab ●●●●●
Athletics ●●●●●
Focus ●●●●●

SPECIAL MANEUVERS

MONKEY GRAB PUNCH
MISSILE REFLECTION
DIM MAK
HUNDRED HAND SLAP
IRON CLAW
FOOT SWEEP, SPINNING FOOT SWEEP
DEFLECTING PUNCH
PUNCH DEFENSE
KICK DEFENSE
LIGHTNING LEG
THROW
CHI KUNG HEALING
RISING STORM CROW
ZEN NO MIND

MASTER XAUDO IS CAPABLE OF MORE MANEUVERS, BUT THESE REPRESENT HIS PREFERRED ONES. FURTHERMORE BECAUSE OF HIS AGE AND QUALITY HE CAN ONLY PERFORM ONE EVERY THREE TURNS. HE HAS ALSO LOST THE ABILITY TO MOVE QUICKLY ENOUGH TO DO COMBOS.

REPUTATION

Glory
●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□
Honor
●●●●●●●●●●
□□□□□□□□□

Division: _____

Rank: _____

STANDING

Wins _____ Losses _____

Draws _____ KOs _____

CHI

●●●●●●●●○○
□□□□□□□□

WILLPOWER

●●●●●●●●●●
□□□□□□□□

HEALTH

●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□
○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

EXPERIENCE

FROM THE TEACHINGS OF MASTER XAUDO

The following is one of Master Xaudo's favored anecdotes. He will share it given the opportunity, such as during the plane trip to Cairo.

"When I was very young, my master told me this story.

"Many years ago, in China, there was a great master of the martial arts whose techniques were practically invincible. He taught a very difficult and demanding style and had an incredibly rigorous training schedule. He and his students were up well before dawn every day and they trained all day long without a break for a midday meal.

"As you might expect, many of his students were not able to maintain this. Some left in a furious rage, while others shied away in the night and lived the rest of their lives in shame. After 20 years, the master had only six students—extraordinary students—left.

"One morning, instead of the regular training, the master said, 'You must all come with me.' Curious, but obedient to their master, the students went on a long trek into the mountains, each one walking silently. Finally, they came to a small clearing in which stood a magnificent and ferocious tiger that had been killing peasants in nearby villages. The tiger, seeing the men in its territory, became enraged, and charged them.

"The students were all paralyzed with fear, but not the master. The tiger leapt at them, and the master made a small gesture with his hand while breathing out gently. The tiger, more than six feet away, fell dead! The students were all shocked, and stood in awe of their master.

"Turning to the first one, the master asked, 'Would you like to learn this technique?'

"Oh, yes, master, if you would graciously teach me!" replied the first student.

"Would you like to learn this technique?" the master asked his second student.

"Master, if you would honor me by teaching it to me, I should gladly learn it!" the second student answered. The master then asked the third, fourth and fifth students the same question, getting similar answers.

"Turning to the sixth student, the master said, 'Would you like to learn this technique?'

"No, master," replied the sixth student. The others were shocked!

"If you please, master," the sixth student said, 'I wish to learn the defense against this technique.'

"The master smiled and dismissed the first five students. The sixth student stayed with him for many years to come."

ANTAGONISTS

THE LIGHTNING FISTS

*...They move in dark, old places of the world:
Like mariners, once healthy and clear-eyed,
Who, when their ship was holed, could not admit
Ruin and the necessity of flight,
But chose instead to ride their cherished wreck
Down into darkness; there not quite to drown,
But ever on continue plying sails
Against the midnight currents of the depths,
Moving from pit to pit to lightless crag
In hopeless search for some ascent to shore;
And who, in their decayed, slow voyaging
Do presently lose all desire for light
And air and living company—from here
Their search is only for the deepest groves,
Those farthest from the nigh-forgotten sun...*

—William Ashbless, "The Twelve Hours of the Night"

The Lightning Fists are terrorists first and Street Fighters last. They fight on the circuit partly for practice, partly for fun but mainly as a cover for the various activities or errands they may be on for Shadoloo or the Phoenix. They are known throughout the circuit for their aggressive demeanors and dirty fighting.

Complete write-ups are provided for so that the Lightning Fists can be more than just "bruisers" in your chronicle. Most of them are beyond redemption, but there is still hope left for some.

The Storyteller is free to change the statistics of the Lightning Fists (or any character) as necessary to tailor them to the capabilities of the Street Fighters in her Chronicle.

"BACKHAND" BONNIE BROWN

There are kids whom you meet and think immediately, "This kid is rotten to the core." Bonnie was one of them.

Bonnie's parents were a fairly ordinary suburban American couple, firmly planted in the middle of the middle class; they knew that Bonnie was a mean-spirited brat, but they never really had a clue as to why, nor just how mean she was.

Bonnie ran away when she was 14 years old, finding her way to the streets of New York, where she hooked up with a gang of tough runners who were just as nasty as she was. Within a year, she was involved with the gang's leader. Within another six months, he was in jail (she set him up) and she took his place.

Her gang started making waves in New York: running drugs, attacking other gangs, running extortion rackets: anything that made a profit by causing someone else pain. Bonnie really went for in a big way. So it was inevitable that she would be shoved into a limo at gunpoint and taken to one of the underground offices of Shadoloo. A boss, seen only in shadow and referred to as "Mr. Black," offered her very simple terms. She and her gang could take their orders from Shadoloo and get stinking rich or they would continue to operate on their own and die. Bonnie, in her own polite way, refused: she spat in his face and tried to claw his eyes out.

Although she left the office alive, within two weeks the entire gang was dead except for Bonnie and her right-hand man, Fixer. When "Mr. Black" again extended his offer, she took it. She never regretted the "choice." Since joining Shadoloo she's found a whole new world of pain to inflict and has received combat training from some of the world's best brawlers, plus she now earns more money from one job than she got in six months of working solo.



Several months ago she was ordered to start cruising the Street Fighting circuit and to form a team. She knew Fixer had to be part of it, and he recommended Hercules Harrison, a pro wrestler he'd done some drinking with. After watching a few tournaments, and always looking for and recruiting the fighters who took the most joy from beating their opponents senseless, Bonnie formed the Lightning Fists.

"Mr. Black" then dropped a bombshell on Bonnie: she was moving to Egypt. Without ever explaining why, he provided them with first-class tickets on a flight to Cairo, where they were met at the airport by members of the Phoenix's organization. They've been loyally serving Phoenix ever since.

Playing Bonnie: Hurting things is fun. Lots of fun. There's nothing that makes you laugh more than watching a dog limp after you've kicked one of its rear legs out from under it, or seeing the shock on a Street Fighter's face when you knee him real hard in the groin during a match. Sure, the audience boos, but who cares? They're all losers anyway.

Appearance: Bonnie is a short, incredibly tough-looking young woman whose most common expression is a sneer of vaguely-amused contempt. Her hair is a short and wiry, mouse-brown wad. In or out of a fight she wears men's U.S. military pants gathered at the waist with a string, a brown knit shirt with long sleeves, combat boots, a beat-up brown leather jacket, and fingerless leather gloves. When she wins a fight, she draws back her fist and pulls in her elbow, saying, "Yyyes!"

Quote: Did that hurt? No? [CRUNCH!] How about that?

STREET FIGHTER

Name: "BACKHAND" BONNIE BROWN

Player:
Chronicle: PERFECT WARRIOR

Style: SPECIAL FORCES

School: SHADOLLOO

Stable: NO, NOT VERY

Team: LIGHTNING FISTS

Concept: MEAN-SPIRITED B****

Signature: YYYES!

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL

Strength ●●●●○
 Dexterity ●●●●○
 Stamina ●●●●○

SOCIAL

Charisma ●○○○○
 Manipulation ●●●○○
 Appearance ●●○○○

MENTAL

Perception ●●○○○
 Intelligence ●●○○○
 Wits ●●○○○

ABILITIES

TALENTS

Alertness ●●●○○
 Interrogation ●●●○○
 Intimidation ●●●○○
 Insight ●●●○○
 Streetwise ●●●○○
 Subterfuge ●●●○○

SKILLS

Blind Fighting ●●○○○
 Drive ●●●○○
 Leadership ●●●○○
 Security ●●●○○
 Stealth ●●●○○
 Survival ●●○○○

KNOWLEDGES

Arena ●●○○○
 Computer ●○○○○
 Investigation ●○○○○
 Medicine ●○○○○
 Mysteries ●○○○○
 Style Lore ●○○○○

ADVANTAGES

BACKGROUNDS

ALLIES ●●○○○
 BACKING ●●●○○
 RESOURCES ●●○○○
 ○○○○○
 ○○○○○
 ○○○○○
 ○○○○○

TECHNIQUES

Punch ●●○○○
 Kick ●●●○○
 Block ●●○○○
 Grab ●●●○○
 Athletics ●●○○○
 Focus ●○○○○

SPECIAL MANEUVERS

EAR POP _____
 HEAD BUTT _____
 SPINNING BACK FIST _____
 DOUBLE-HIT KICK _____
 POWER UPPERCUT _____
 AIR THROW _____
 JUMP _____
 KIPPUP _____

REPUTATION

Glory
 ●●●○○○○○○○
 □□□□□□□□
 Honor
 ○○○○○○○○○○
 □□□□□□□□

CHI

●●●○○○○○○○
 □□□□□□□□

WILLPOWER

●●●●●●●●○○
 □□□□□□□□

HEALTH

●●●●●●●●●●
 □□□□□□□□
 ●●●○○○○○○○
 □□□□□□□□

Division: _____

Rank: _____

Standing

Wins _____ Losses _____

Draws _____ KOs _____

EXPERIENCE

MUSTAFA

Something about the notion of a small amount of white powder causing such a violent death fascinated Mustafa; of course, his little brother was quivering and gasping at his feet. If only he hadn't drunk from the goblet—it certainly wasn't Mustafa's fault: Mustafa told him not to drink it. There was nothing to do but write a fake suicide note and be gone.

Mustafa was the first-born son of a pharmacist in Diyarbakir, Turkey. He learned much from his father, and his family expected him to take over the business when his father retired. While Mustafa did greatly enjoy chemistry, he was never particularly interested in making medicine that made sick people well. Anybody could do that. He was always more interested in the harder task of making healthy people sick without anyone knowing how it was done. When the police managed to prove that Mustafa had poisoned his brother and sent him to jail, he learned some valuable lessons about how to poison people more covertly. Unfortunately, he was in jail, where it couldn't do him any good.

While there, however, he met Kuo Ta, a Thai kickboxer and a wandering reprobate who was imprisoned for the attempted murder of someone who'd made a nasty (and biologically impossible) comment about his ancestry. The two made a deal: if Kuo Ta helped Mustafa escape with him, Mustafa would in turn ensure that Kuo Ta's new enemy would die within a week. The two of them broke out and spent a happy year wandering together, Kuo Ta learning to poison, and Mustafa learning to kickbox. Eventually they entered a Street Fighting contest and won. Kuo Ta enjoyed it but wanted to move on, while Mustafa found that beating someone almost to death with his fists (and knees and feet and elbows...) was just as much an art form as poisoning was, and much more profitable provided he didn't have to worry about the police. He decided to become a full-time Street Fighter, and it wasn't long before he was spotted by Bonnie and joined the Lightning Fists.



Playing Mustafa: You have a cold, intellectual curiosity about inflicting pain and death. You aren't matter-of-factly sadistic like Fiker, or angry and crude like Bonnie; you just think that killing people is interesting, in the same way some

people play with model trains or collect stamps. You always carry a huge leather bag full of poisons and antidotes, as well as several books on the subject. You also enjoy the intellectual stimulation of trying to out-think your opponent in the ring. When

someone comes up with an innovative move or a clever trick, you are likely to compliment her on it, then promptly steal it for your own routine—preferably killing the technique's creator so nobody will learn it isn't yours.

Appearance: Mustafa is a dark-skinned man of medium height with a short and bushy black beard. He is usually smiling and appears to be quite friendly, although inside he's probably thinking about his favorite hobby. He usually wears a turban and whatever clothing is appropriate to the moment. In the ring he wears silk trousers and a billowy silk shirt. He also wears a silk belt, which he can whip off in an instant to use for a Neck Choke Hold (one of his favorite ways of dispatching opponents).

Quote: *Three drops on the end of a dart will make a very convincing "bee sting," yet be instantly fatal.*

of this

make a very convincing "bee sting," yet be instantly fatal.

STREET FIGHTER

Name: MUSTAFA

Player:

Chronicle: PERFECT WARRIOR

Style: THAI KICKBOXING

School:

Stable:

Team: LIGHTNING FISTS

Concept: ASSASSIN

Signature: BUSHY-BEARD GRIN

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL

Strength ●●●○○
 Dexterity ●●●○○
 Stamina ●●●○○

SOCIAL

Charisma ●●●○○
 Manipulation ●●●○○
 Appearance ●●●○○

MENTAL

Perception ●●●○○
 Intelligence ●●●●●
 Wits ●●●○○

ABILITIES

TALENTS

Alertness ●●●○○
 Interrogation ●●●○○
 Intimidation ●●●○○
 Insight ●●○○○
 Streetwise ●●●○○
 Subterfuge ●●●○○

SKILLS

Blind Fighting ●●○○○
 Drive ●○○○○
 Leadership ●●○○○
 Security ●●○○○
 Stealth ●●○○○
 Survival ●●○○○

KNOWLEDGES

Arena ●●○○○
 Computer ●●○○○
 Investigation ●○○○○
 Medicine ●●●●●
 Mysteries ●●●○○
 Style Lore ●●○○○

ADVANTAGES

BACKGROUNDS

ALLIES ●●●○○
 BACKING ●●●○○
 RESOURCES ●●●○○
 ○○○○○
 ○○○○○
 ○○○○○
 ○○○○○

TECHNIQUES

Punch ●●●○○
 Kick ●●●○○
 Block ●●○○○
 Grab ●●●●●
 Athletics ●●○○○
 Focus ●●○○○

SPECIAL MANEUVERS

MONKEY GRAB PUNCH
 POWER UPPERCUT
 TRIPLE STRIKE
 FLYING KNEE THRUST
 BACK ROLL THROW
 NECK CHOKE
 THROW

REPUTATION

Glory ●●●○○○○○○○○
 ○○○○○○○○○○○

Honor ○○○○○○○○○○○
 ○○○○○○○○○○○

Division: _____

Rank: _____

Standing

Wins _____ Losses _____

Draws _____ KOs _____

CHI

●●●●●○○○○○
 □□□□□□□□

WILLPOWER

●●●●●○○○○○
 □□□□□□□□

HEALTH

●●●●●●●●●●
 □□□□□□□□
 ●○○○○○○○○○
 □□□□□□□□

EXPERIENCE

Sanjo was not a popular boy. His earliest memory is of his mother cursing him and saying, "Why do you have to eat so much? We are going broke trying to feed you! You should die so we won't have to keep paying for you!" Other childhood memories include being taunted by his brothers and sisters; being beaten and humiliated by schoolmates; and being called "slow and stupid" and "a mistake of nature" by his teachers.

Then one day came the realization that he didn't have to take it gracefully. His parents had told him over and over that since he was so much bigger than the other kids, he mustn't fight with them—but these same parents also laughed at him and called him "little cow." One day, while being mercilessly picked on by the school's most handsome and popular boy, Sanjo decided enough was enough.

That open-handed slap was a liberating moment for Sanjo; the blood and loud cry of his persecutor were like a blazing banner and victory shout. When the boy's partners in crime joined in the fight, Sanjo let it all out—all the anger and hatred, all of the self-loathing brought on by a lifetime of rejection—in a glorious display of violence.

When his parents heard, they were delighted. "Aha, you're finally good for something!" they said. "Yes, yes. It's okay for Sumo wrestlers to be fat and slow! Nobody expects them to be handsome!"

So it was that Sanjo was shipped off to a Sumo school. He excelled there, finally among people who liked him just the way he was, and didn't insult him or tease him. But the anger was still inside; he'd lived with it for so long that he was unable to let it go. After becoming a professional Sumo wrestler, he was dissatisfied with the sport. He didn't enjoy fighting other

Sumotori; he had far too much respect and affection for them. The only way he would be happy was if he could fight the kind of people who had hurt him so badly in his childhood.

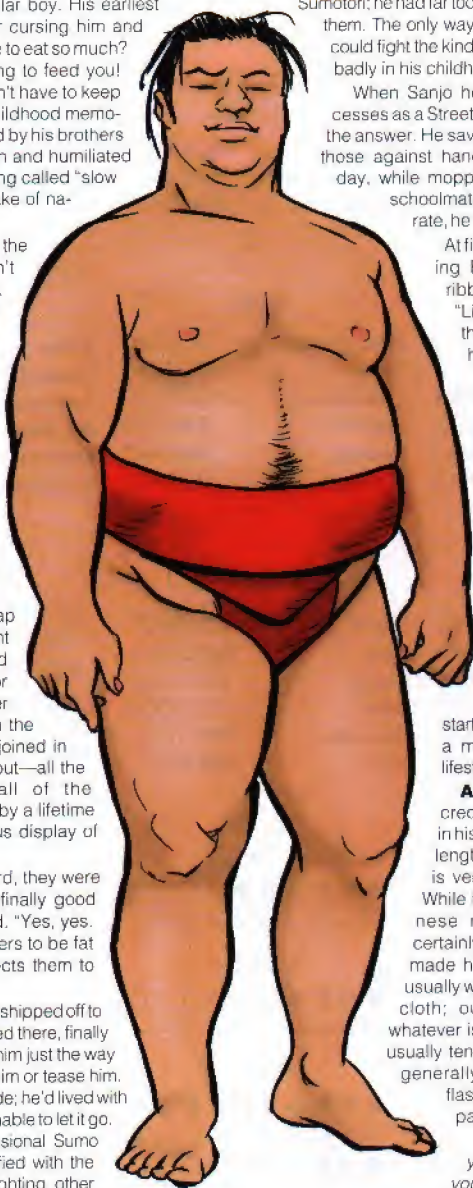
When Sanjo heard about E. Honda's successes as a Street Fighter, he knew that this was the answer. He savored every bout—particularly those against handsome Japanese men. One day, while mopping up the floor with an old schoolmate who'd gone on to study Karate, he was spotted by Bonnie Brown.

At first he wasn't interested in joining Bonnie, afraid that he'd get ribbed for being too slow for a "Lightning Fist," but Bonnie said the magic words—"beat their heads in"—and he signed up.

Playing Sanjo: You are slowly getting to the point where you don't want revenge on the whole world, although you haven't quite realized it yet. While the anger and pain of your childhood was once your driving force, you're going through the motions now. Your mind and spirit are on "automatic pilot:" do whatever Bonnie tells you because she's the boss. You never put a lot of thought into what your life has become since you started working with Shadoloo, but a major change in your current lifestyle might make you think.

Appearance: Sanjo is an incredibly tall, round Japanese man in his late 20s. His hair is of medium length, except for the back, which is very long and usually braided. While he's not the epitome of Japanese male attractiveness, he's certainly not as ugly as his parents made him out to be. In the ring, he usually wears the traditional Sumo loincloth; outside the ring, he wears whatever is appropriate to the situation, usually tending towards formality. He is generally expressionless, although flashes of anger show when he is pained or frustrated.

Quote: *Fine joke. Let's see you laugh when I have smashed you like an insect.*



STREET FIGHTER

Name: SANJO HIDETOSHI
Player:
Chronicle: PERFECT WARRIOR

Style: SUMO WRESTLING
School: SHADOLOO
Stable:

Team: LIGHTNING FIST
Concept: HIT THEM BACK
Signature: SNEER

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL

Strength ●●●●●●
Dexterity ●●●●○
Stamina ●●●●●

SOCIAL

Charisma ●●○○○○
Manipulation ●●○○○○
Appearance ●●○○○○

MENTAL

Perception ●●○○○○
Intelligence ●●●○○○
Wits ●●○○○○

ABILITIES

TALENTS

Alertness ●●○○○○
Interrogation ●●●○○○
Intimidation ●●●●●●
Insight ●●●○○○
Streetwise ●●●○○○
Subterfuge ●●○○○○

SKILLS

Blind Fighting ●●○○○○
Drive ●●○○○○
Leadership ○○○○○○
Security ●●○○○○
Stealth ●●○○○○
Survival ●●○○○○

KNOWLEDGES

Arena ●●●○○○
Computer ○○○○○○
Investigation ●○○○○○
Medicine ●○○○○○
Mysteries ●○○○○○
Style Lore ●●●○○○

ADVANTAGES

BACKGROUNDS

ALLIES ●●●○○○
BACKING ●●●●○○
RESOURCES ●●●○○○
 ○○○○○○
 ○○○○○○
 ○○○○○○
 ○○○○○○

TECHNIQUES

Punch ●●●●○○
Kick ●●○○○○
Block ●●○○○○
Grab ○○○○○○
Athletics ●●○○○○
Focus ●●●○○○

SPECIAL MANEUVERS

EAR POP _____
 HEAD BUTT _____
 FOOT SWEEP _____
 SHOCKWAVE _____
 BEAR HUG _____
 GRAPPLING DEFENSE _____
 KNEE BASHER _____
 THROW _____
 SPINNING FOOT SWEEP _____

Combos: _____

REPUTATION

Glory
 ●●●○○○○○○○○○
 □□□□□□□□□□
Honor
 ○○○○○○○○○○○○
 □□□□□□□□□□

CHI

●●●●●●●○○○○○
 □□□□□□□□□□

WILLPOWER

●●●●●○○○○○○○
 □□□□□□□□□□

HEALTH

●●●●●●●●●●●●
 □□□□□□□□□□
 ●●●●●●●●○○○○
 □□□□□□□□□□

Division: _____
Rank: _____

Standing

Wins _____ Losses _____
 Draws _____ KOs _____

EXPERIENCE

FIXER

Fixer never talks about his past, and Bonnie's never asked. He was in the gang when she joined, he was fairly decent to be around and he had a brain—that was all she needed. When she took over the gang, he naturally fell into place as her assistant and closest confidant.

Some things Bonnie has figured out over the years: Fixer could be a leader if he wanted to, but he doesn't. He likes to make sure things get done, but he doesn't like the spotlight or dealing with people jockeying for his position. If he thinks others are messing with him, he just beats them senseless once or twice; if they still don't get the message, they get a bullet.

She suspects that Fixer got his name because of his mechanical and technical know-how: if something's broken, he can fix it.; if it isn't broken, he can make it work better. On passports and such he's listed as "Joe Corcoran," which is a name "Mr. Black" made up, as far as Bonnie can tell.



Playing Fixer: You're the glue that holds the Lightning Fists together. Bonnie has the moxie, Herc and Sanjo have got the muscle and Mustafa does the dirty work, but you're the brain. You don't play dumb games, and you don't let anyone play with you. You've got a hard-bitten sense of humor that you occasionally share with Bonnie, but almost never with anyone else. You have no great plan in your life; you lost all ambitions when your family died.

Appearance: Fixer is a white male of medium height, with short white hair that always looks disheveled, and he has a constant three-day growth of beard. Outside the ring, he wears multi-pocketed baggy utility clothes, a belt with electronics tools and key rings hanging from it, an old U.S. army surplus field jacket and fingerless gloves. In the ring, Fixer wears a black sweatshirt, black sweatpants and black sneakers. He always has an aloof expression—he isn't impressed by anything or anyone.

Quote: *Put up or shut up.*

STREET FIGHTER

Name: FIXER

Player:

Chronicle: PERFECT WARRIOR

Style: KARATE

School:

Stable:

Team: LIGHTNING FISTS

Concept: CYNICAL GADGETEER

Signature: CROSSES ARMS,
ALOOF SMIRK

ATTRIBUTES

Physical

Strength ●●●●○
 Dexterity ●●●●○
 Stamina ●●●●○

Social

Charisma ●●●●○
 Manipulation ●●●●○
 Appearance ●●●●○

Mental

Perception ●●●●○
 Intelligence ●●●●●
 Wits ●●●●○

ABILITIES

Talents

Alertness ●●●●○
 Interrogation ●●●●○
 Intimidation ●○○○○
 Insight ●●●●○
 Streetwise ●●●●○
 Subterfuge ●●●●○

Skills

Blind Fighting ●●●●○
 Drive ●●●●○
 Leadership ●●●●○
 Security ●●●●○
 Stealth ●●●●○
 Survival ●●●●○

Knowledge

Arena ●●●●○
 Computer ●●●●○
 Investigation ●●●●○
 Medicine ●●●●○
 Mysteries ●●●●○
 Style Lore ●●●●○

ADVANTAGES

Backgrounds

ALLIES ●●●●○
 BACKING ●●●●○
 RESOURCES ●●●●○
 ○○○○○
 ○○○○○
 ○○○○○
 ○○○○○

Techniques

Punch ●●●●○
 Kick ●●●●○
 Block ●●●●○
 Grab ●●●●○
 Athletics ●●●●○
 Focus ●●●●○

SPECIAL MANEUVERS

POWER UPPERCUT
 TRIPLE STRIKE
 DOUBLE DREAD KICK
 DOUBLE-HIT KICK
 DEFLECTING PUNCH
 PUNCH DEFENSE
 SUPLEX
 THROW

Reputation

Glory
 ●●●●○
 ○○○○○
 □□□□□□□□□□

Honor

○○○○○
 ○○○○○
 □□□□□□□□□□

Division: _____

Rank: _____

Standing

Wins _____ Losses _____

Draws _____ KOs _____

CHI

●●●●○
 ○○○○○
 □□□□□□□□□□

Willpower

●●●●○
 ●●●●○
 ○○○○○
 □□□□□□□□□□

HEALTH

●●●●○
 ○○○○○
 ○○○○○
 □□□□□□□□□□

EXPERIENCE

HERCULES HARRISON

"Please welcome to Madison Square Garden, ladies and gentlemen, the Georgia Giant, the Atlas of Atlanta, the Strapping Stud of Stone Mountain, HERCULES HARRISON!"

The crowd was going crazy as Herc burst through the auditorium doors, wearing a gaudy red spandex weight-lifting outfit that showed off his huge chest and enormous arms, and followed every ripple of power down his back and legs. He strode to the ring, drinking in the applause, and stopped to pose before climbing in. The audience loved every second of it, and so did Herc.

"And the challenger, the Thunder from Down Under, the Master of Melbourne, LEATHERBACK!" The crowd boomed as Herc's opponent climbed into the ring, tearing off a cheap dressing gown to reveal a bright gold-and-green leotard and gaudy green body-and-face paint with a crocodile motif.

"Say," thought Herc, "this guy's pretty good."

Ten minutes and a lot of sweating and grunting later, Herc was in a vicious hold—Leatherback was good! In a desperate move, Herc twisted, wrapped his massive arms around Leatherback's neck, and pulled.

There was a cracking sound.
There was silence.

Six months later, Hercules Harrison was convicted of involuntary manslaughter, sentenced to probation and time served, and released onto the streets of New York city. He was a wreck; he hadn't slept soundly in all that time. Every night, just as he drifted off to sleep, there was a cracking sound.

There was silence.

Finally, there was only one thing to do; if he couldn't fall asleep, he could damn well knock himself unconscious with liquor. Unfortunately, he had this annoying habit of waking up the next day, forcing him to resort to getting drunk again in order to sleep once more. He had no job, and no future; all the money he'd made as a pro wrestler was gone.

Before he hit rock bottom, however, he

was spotted by Fixer, who was recruiting for the Lightning Fists. Fixer recognized the shell of a man and knew what was happening to him. "Look," he said, "if you go on like this, you're going to be in the gutter by the end of the week. I know some people who are hiring, and you fit their bill. But you've got to do some pretty ugly work."

"What do I care?" Herc replied. "It doesn't make any difference now."

So Hercules joined the Lightning Fists. He does what Bonnie says, she hands him a wad of money, and he gets some kind of anesthetic to make the memory go away long enough for him to sleep. Herc's killed more than once since joining the Lightning Fists, but he feels no remorse. What's another death on his hands? What's extortion, drug running, terrorism? He's going straight to hell, so what difference does it make?

Playing Hercules: You were, once upon a time, a good man. Bolsterous and obnoxious, self-centered and a bit narcissistic, certainly, but at your heart, you were a good man. The accident in Madison Square Garden destroyed that man, and has haunted what remains of him every day since. You constantly distract yourself so that you won't hear the cracking sound, so you won't relive the event. You are a tormented soul aching for redemption, but you believe that you'll never find it.

Appearance: You're the Olympian ideal: six and a half feet tall, with huge, rippling muscles, a square jaw and a cleft chin. But instead of the shallow and fun-loving showman that you were, you now have eyes that are sunken and dark, and wear a pained frown. Instead of being a tower of strength, you're now a brooding mountain of regret.

In the ring, Herc generally wears a dirty T-shirt, boxer shorts and sneakers. The bright red leotard is long gone. Outside the ring, he wears whatever is appropriate to the moment, although he tends towards somber, casual clothes.

Quote: Okay, I broke his legs like you asked. If you need me, I'll be at the bar.



STREET FIGHTER

Name: "HERCULES" HARRISON **Style:** WRESTLING
Player: **School:**
Chronicle: PERFECT WARRIOR **Stable:**

Team: LIGHTNING FISTS
Concept: BROKEN OLYMPIAN
Signature: WALKS AWAY SILENTLY

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL

Strength ●●●●●
Dexterity ●●●○○
Stamina ●●●○○

SOCIAL

Charisma ●●●●○
Manipulation ●●●○○
Appearance ●●●●○

MENTAL

Perception ●●●○○
Intelligence ●●●○○
Wits ●●○○○

ABILITIES

TALENTS

Alertness ●●○○○
Interrogation ●●●○○
Intimidation ●●●○○
Insight ●●○○○
Streetwise ●●●○○
Subterfuge ●●○○○

SKILLS

Blind Fighting ●○○○○
Drive ●○○○○
Leadership ●○○○○
Security ●○○○○
Stealth ●●●○○
Survival ●●○○○

KNOWLEDGES

Arena ●●●●●
Computer ○○○○○
Investigation ○○○○○
Medicine ○○○○○
Mysteries ●○○○○
Style Lore ●●●○○

ADVANTAGES

BACKGROUNDS

ALLIES ●●●○○
BACKING ●●●●○
RESOURCES ●●●○○
 ○○○○○
 ○○○○○
 ○○○○○
 ○○○○○

TECHNIQUES

Punch ●●○○○
Kick ●●○○○
Block ●●○○○
Grab ●●●●○
Athletics ●●●○○
Focus ●○○○○

SPECIAL MANEUVERS

BUFFALO PUNCH
HEAD BUTT
BACK BREAKER
BEAR HUG
BRAIN CRACKER
GRAPPLING DEFENSE
IRON CLAW
NECK CHOKE
PILE DRIVER
SUPLEX
THROW
Combos: BLOCK - SUPLEX
IRON CLAW - PILE DRIVER (DIZZY)

REPUTATION

Glory
 ●●●●●○○○○
 □□□□□□□□
Honor
 ○○○○○○○○○
 □□□□□□□□

CHI

●●●●○○○○○○
 □□□□□□□□

WILLPOWER

●●●●○○○○○○
 □□□□□□□□

HEALTH

●●●●●●●●●●
 □□□□□□□□
 ●●●●●●●○○○
 □□□□□□□□

Division: _____
Rank: _____

Standing

Wins _____ **Losses** _____
Draws _____ **KOs** _____

EXPERIENCE

CASTOR MITAXIS

Castor Mitaxis vaguely remembers his old life as a Greek sailor in the Mediterranean and being in need of money, being offered a job by some-seedy looking men, of beginning his training at the island base of Mriganka...

...then all becomes hazy...

Castor Mitaxis is a fairly typical Revenant, a character type described here for the benefit of Storytellers who have not read **Secrets of Shadoloow**.

Revenants are the soulless husks of the unfortunates who tried to learn M. Bison's punishing art of Ler Drit and didn't make it: there's something in the psychic conditioning central to Ler Drit that unleashes a part of the mind better left alone.

Revenants feel no pain, pleasure, fear or other emotions. When they lose all their Health, they die, and their bodies crumble into a foul dust, leaving barely a skeleton behind. They can operate in society, but they can't really initiate more than the most basic of actions, so they follow commands given to them by M. Bison or the Theons of Heavenly Unity in Mriganka. Mitaxis' orders were to obey the Lightning Fists, and that is what he does, even if they should order him to jump in front of the Transcontinental as it barrels down the tracks.

Revenants have two special powers which are not described in Street Fighter: **Psychic Rage** (a.k.a. "the Poison Haze"), and

Psychokinetic Channeling. Spending one Chi point on Psychic Rage causes a target to go into a berserk battle fury, using his most powerful attacks against the nearest person, friend or foe. The target must be within a number of hexes equal to the attacker's

Wits+Focus, and both attacker and target make Willpower-vs-Willpower rolls (using permanent ratings to determine success). Each turn after the Rage has taken hold, the target may make a roll on his permanent Honor against the attacker's Manipulation to break free. If either opponent is knocked unconscious or killed, the Rage automatically ends. Note that victims lose Honor from any dishonorable actions they take under the Rage, even though they had no choice!

To use Psychokinetic Channeling, the attacker spends one point of Chi to get +2 Damage on any of the six basic combat cards; blue psychic energy crackles around the fighter's hand or foot as the punch or kick lands.

Playing Castor: You are little more than a zombie; you live to serve M. Bison. Bison has commanded you to obey the Lightning Fists. You will obey the Lightning Fists.

Appearance: Castor is a tall, swarthy man of Mediterranean cast. He wears a plain business suit and dark glasses that cover his eerie, glowing blue eyes. When he leaps into combat, his eyes crackle with unholy energy.



Name: CASTOR MITAXIS

Style: LER DRIT

Boss: SHADOLOO

Strength ●●●●●
Dexterity ●●●●●
Stamina ●●●●●

Charisma ●●●●●
Manipulation ●●●●●
Appearance ●●●●●

Perception ●●●●●
Intelligence ●●●●●
Wits ●●●●●

Honor _____
Glory _____
Rank _____

Other Traits

ALERTNESS ●●●●●	_____ ○○○○○
DRIVE ●●●●●	_____ ○○○○○
INTIMIDATION ●●●●●	_____ ○○○○○
STEALTH ●●●●●	_____ ○○○○○
STREETWISE ●●●●●	_____ ○○○○○
SUBTERFUGE ●●●●●	_____ ○○○○○
_____ ○○○○○	_____ ○○○○○
_____ ○○○○○	_____ ○○○○○
_____ ○○○○○	_____ ○○○○○
_____ ○○○○○	_____ ○○○○○

Chi

●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□

Willpower

○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□

Health

●●●●●●●●●●●○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□

Manuevers and Powers

	Speed	Damage	Move
Punch: Jab	5	5	2
Strong	3	7	2
Fierce	2	9	1
Kick: Short	4	5	2
Forward	2	7	1
Roundhouse	1	9	1
Grab	3	5	1
Block	7	0	0
Movement	6	0	5
PSYCHOKINETIC CHANNELING	10	12	10
PSYCHIC RAGE	0	(SPECIAL)	0
JUMP	6	0	2
THROW	1	7	1

THE PHOENIX

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

—William Blake, "The Tyger"

Gamal Qebesenef (pronounced "ja-MAL KEB-se-nef") was born and raised in Cairo, Egypt, to a wealthy family that claimed direct descent from Ramses II, one of the most powerful of the ancient Pharaohs. From a very early age, Gamal routinely met and played with oil-wealthy sheiks, royalty, ambassadors and politicians. Quickly he learned that diplomacy was the art of doing the nastiest possible things to people in the nicest possible way.

Feeling that the best way to insure his personal safety in the dangerous world of politics was to learn a martial art, Qebesenef convinced his parents to get him the best training money could buy, and traveled to England, where Master Xaudo was currently teaching. The ancient Sifu was impressed with the young Egyptian's self-discipline and drive, and was fooled by Gamal's ability to hide dubious motives in polite smiles. For three years Qebesenef pursued a grueling schedule, studying Majestic Crow Kung Fu under Master Xaudo. For two more years he worked even harder to study the advanced maneuvers. Suddenly one morning, without any explanation, Master Xaudo dismissed him, refusing to teach him the Rising Storm Crow. On the surface, Qebesenef accepted this dismissal stoically and without rancor. Inside, however, he was furious and vowed to make Master Xaudo pay.

By age 18, Gamal had returned to Egypt and was very active in politics, always taking a pro-Egyptian stance. By the time he was 25, he was a major figure in Middle Eastern politics and in the relations between the various Arabic countries and the West in particular.

He refused offers of political positions, but one group did intrigue him: The Phoenix, a radical paramilitary secret society whose long-term agenda was to reestablish an Egyptian divine-right monarchy. Gamal decided that this organization's goals meshed perfectly with his own, which were among very similar lines, but he didn't want to be just another faceless gunslinger for this group. He contacted someone he'd met during his years in politics—M. Bison—and convinced Bison to give him the military and economic support he needed. This allowed him to not only

take over The Phoenix, but to radically shift the nature of the organization to fit his own desires.

Shortly, The Phoenix was under Qebesenef's firm control. Despite his claims to Bison that he was a terrorist-for-hire, the actual goal of the organization was to establish himself as the first Pharaoh of the new Egyptian Empire. He began to refer to himself in person and correspondence as "the Phoenix," and ordered that his servants and members of the organization do the same.

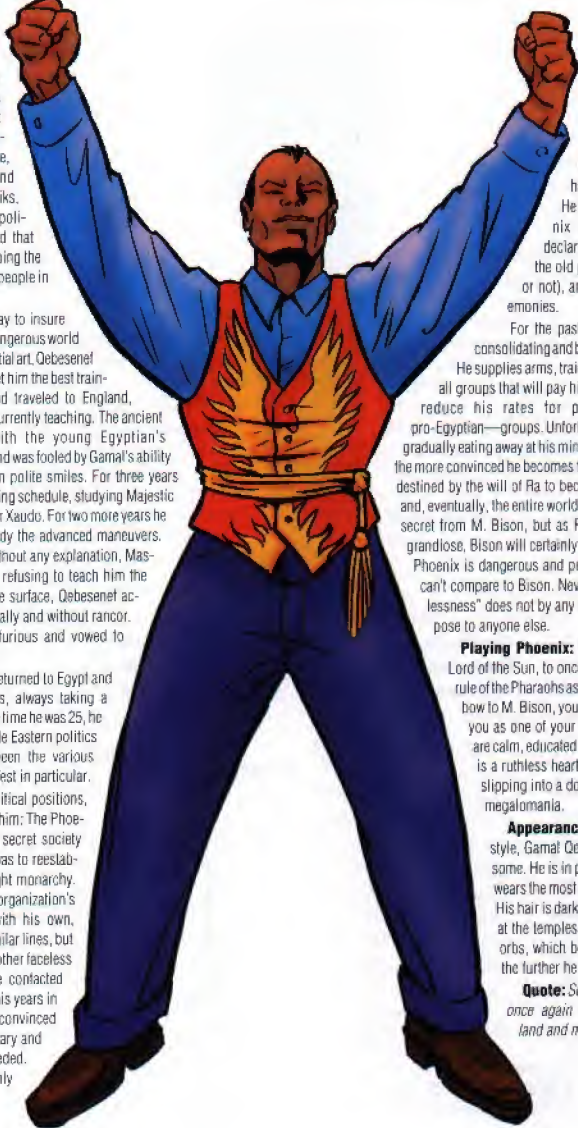
Although raised a Sunni Muslim, Qebesenef sought out and eventually found a cult that worshipped the ancient Egyptian pantheon, and has been actively promoting it. He forces all members of the Phoenix organization to swear oaths declaring themselves to be faithful to the old gods (whether they actually are or not), and regularly leads them in ceremonies.

For the past six years, Phoenix has been consolidating and building his power base in Egypt. He supplies arms, training and information to any and all groups that will pay his price, and has been known to reduce his rates for pro-Arab—and particularly pro-Egyptian—groups. Unfortunately, megalomania has been gradually eating away at his mind. The more powerful he grows, the more convinced he becomes that he is in fact Ramses reborn, destined by the will of Ra to become the new Pharaoh of Egypt and, eventually, the entire world. He has managed to keep this a secret from M. Bison, but as Phoenix grows more and more grandiose, Bison will certainly catch on and come down hard. Phoenix is dangerous and powerful, to be sure, but he still can't compare to Bison. Nevertheless, this relative "powerlessness" does not by any means negate the threat he can pose to anyone else.

Playing Phoenix: You have been chosen by Ra, Lord of the Sun, to once again establish Egypt and the rule of the Pharaohs as supreme—while you currently bow to M. Bison, you know that one day he will serve you as one of your most dedicated followers. You are calm, educated and charming, but beneath it all is a ruthless heart and a calculating mind that is slipping into a downward spiral of madness and megalomania.

Appearance: In best champagne-villain style, Gamal Qebesenef is tall, dark and handsome. He is in peak physical shape and always wears the most elegant clothes money can buy. His hair is dark, cut short and receding slightly at the temples. His eyes are smoldering dark orbs, which become wilder and more erratic the further he descends into madness.

Quote: Soon—very soon—I shall once again bring glory to my land and my ancestors!



STREET FIGHTER

Name: THE PHOENIX

Player: NPC

Chronicle: PERFECT WARRIOR

Style: MAJESTIC CROW

School: MASTER XAUDO

Stable: NOT EVEN A LITTLE

Team:

Concept: MEGALOMANIAC

Signature: LOOKS TO THE SKY,
ARMS RAISED, LAUGHS MANIACALLY

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL

Strength ●●●●●
Dexterity ●●●●●
Stamina ●●●●●

SOCIAL

Charisma ●●●●●
Manipulation ●●●●●
Appearance ●●●●○

MENTAL

Perception ●●●●●
Intelligence ●●●●●
Wits ●●●●○

ABILITIES

TALENTS

Alertness ●●●●●
Interrogation ●●●●○
Intimidation ●●●●●
Insight ●●●●○
Streetwise ●●●●○
Subterfuge ●●●●○

SKILLS

Blind Fighting ●●●●○
Drive ●●●●○
Leadership ●●●●●
Security ●●●●○
Stealth ●●●●○
Survival ●●●●○

KNOWLEDGES

Arena ●●●●●
Computer ●●●●○
Investigation ●●●●○
Medicine ●○○○○
Mysteries ●●●●●
Style Lore ●●●●○

ADVANTAGES

BACKGROUND

ALLIES ●●●●○
BACKING ●●●●●
RESOURCES ●●●●●
STAFF ●●●●○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

TECHNIQUES

Punch ●●●●●
Kick ●●●●●
Block ●●●●●
Grab ●●●●●
Athletics ●●●●●
Focus ●●●●○

SPECIAL MANEUVERS

DRAGON PUNCH
MONKEY GRAB PUNCH
HUNDRED HAND SLAP
POWER UPPERCUT
TRIPLE STRIKE
DOUBLE DREAD KICK
DOUBLE-HIT KICK
HURRICANE KICK
STEPPING FRONT KICK
DEFLECTING PUNCH
IRON CLAW
FLYING HEEL STOMP
FIREBALL
STUNNING SHOUT

REPUTATION

Glory ●●●●●○○○
□□□□□□□□
Honor ○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

CHI

●●●●●●●●○○
□□□□□□□□

WILLPOWER

●●●●●●●●●●
□□□□□□□□

HEALTH

●●●●●●●●●●
□□□□□□□□
●●●●●●○○○○
□□□□□□□□

EXPERIENCE

Division: _____

Rank: _____

Standing

Wins _____ Losses _____

Draws _____ KOs _____

Appendix 2:

MAJESTIC
CROW
KUNG FU

A relatively unknown variant of Kung Fu, Majestic Crow is an external Style—i.e., it relies more upon muscle power and physical prowess than on internal psychology and spiritual development. Its stances are somewhat similar to the Tibetan White Crane Style, although it is more rough-and-tumble, with many Grabs and Throws.

The history of the art is obscure at best; its only known living master, Master Xaudo, attributes the art to a Chinese *shih* (essentially a professional do-gooder) who lived sometime around A.D. 600. The *shih* was a master of quite a few different forms of Kung Fu, but was not satisfied with any of them; he retired to the hills outside of a small village to contemplate the problem. There, the story goes, he happened upon a crow caught by a snare, fighting with a fox that was trying to make a meal of him.

The crow, held down by the snare and unable to escape, fought bitterly against its much larger opponent. The *shih* watched in fascination as the crow launched into a vicious flurry of beating wings and scratching talons whenever the fox would get close. The fox, for its part, repeatedly attacked and retreated, apparently attempting to exhaust the crow into submission. Inspired by this drama, the *shih* released the crow (annoying the fox, which according to legend harassed him from that

day forward), and set out to design a new fighting Style, which he called "the Majestic Crow."

The style is based on a *yin-yang* pattern of alternating between keeping still or moving slowly, and launching into a blinding flurry of attacks using all limbs at once. It involves many high-leaping forward kicks and claw-hand strikes, resembling a crow's raking talons, as well as rapid open-hand slaps, resembling the furious beating of wings. Rising Storm Crow, a unique Special Maneuver, is one of the hallmarks of the Majestic Crow; it is hinted, however, that this is but the tip of the iceberg, and a host of other, even more powerful techniques exist, their secrets hidden in the Sifu's mind.

Schools: In older times, there were a fair number of Majestic Crow schools in mainland China, but over the generations they gradually disappeared. Now only one Sifu is known to remain: Master Xaudo, who is too old to teach full-time. He also has many enemies (most notably Shadoloo, which he's crossed many times), so he tries to keep his location a secret. He takes but a handful of students at a time, and then only instructs the best of those with the Style's advanced techniques.

MAJESTIC CROW KUNG FU

Special Maneuvers

Punch:

- Crow Beats it Wings (Hundred Hand Slap) (4)
- Dim Mak (5)
- Dragon Punch (5)
- Monkey Grab Punch (1)
- Rekka Ken (5)
- Triple Strike (1)

Kick:

- Air Hurricane Kick (1)
- Backflip Kick (3)
- Double Dread Kick (3)
- Double-Hit Kick (1)
- Flash Kick (4)
- Flying Thrust Kick (4)
- Great Wall of China (5)
- Hurricane Kick (5)
- Lightning Leg (4)
- Stepping Front Kick (3)
- Whirlwind Kick (5)

Block:

- San He (4)

Grab:

- Air Throw (2)
- Crow's Talon (Iron Claw) (4)
- Grappling Defense (4)
- Hair Throw (2)
- Rising Storm Crow (4)

Athletics:

- Air Smash (1)
- Cannon Drill (5)
- Drunken Monkey Roll (2)
- Flying Body Spear (3)
- Landing Crow (Flying Heel Stomp) (3)
- Rolling Attack (4)
- Wall Spring (1)

Focus:

- Chi Kung Healing (4)
- Fireball (4)
- Flying Fireball (3)
- Improved Fireball (5)
- Stunning Shout (3)



Appears in Majestic Crow Kung Fu



Members: Anyone can join who is dedicated enough to find Master Xaudo and impress him. However, he is very particular about whom he will teach, and will dismiss anyone he feels is not up to the challenge.

Concepts: Die-hard Kung Fu student, student of the esoteric, wandering do-gooder

Initial Chi: 3

Initial Willpower: 4

Quote: "The crow is impassive and aloof, but can attack with incredible ferocity if provoked."

THE RISING STORM CROW

The following new Special Maneuver is a rare move usually studied only as part of Majestic Crow Kung Fu.

Prerequisites: Grab •••, Athletics •••, Throw

Power Points: Majestic Crow Kung Fu 4, Kung Fu 5

The Rising Storm Crow is a devastating maneuver based on the same principles of leverage seen in the Thigh Press, only taken to a further level of power. The fighter charges and grabs anything at hand on the front of her target (lapels, hair, ears); she then launches into a forward flip directly over her opponent. As she lands in a

crouched position (still facing the direction she started in), she bends her opponent over backwards and pulls him over her head, using the momentum of the leap to fling him tumbling through the air. Damage is caused by both the forced backward contortion and the impact of the landing. Successful repetition of this maneuver can easily batter an opponent senseless.

System: The fighter must start at least two hexes away from her target when starting, and can throw the target in a straight line forward for as many hexes as her Strength. The target takes two damage tests: one at the fighter's Strength-3 when the forced flip is initiated, and then another at twice the fighter's Strength when the target lands. Thus, a character with a high Strength throws the target farther and harder. The opponent automatically suffers a Knockdown, whether or not he takes any damage from either test. Both damage tests combine to determine if the victim is dizzied.

Cost: 1 Willpower

Speed: -3

Damage: -3/x2

Move: +2 (minimum Move 2)



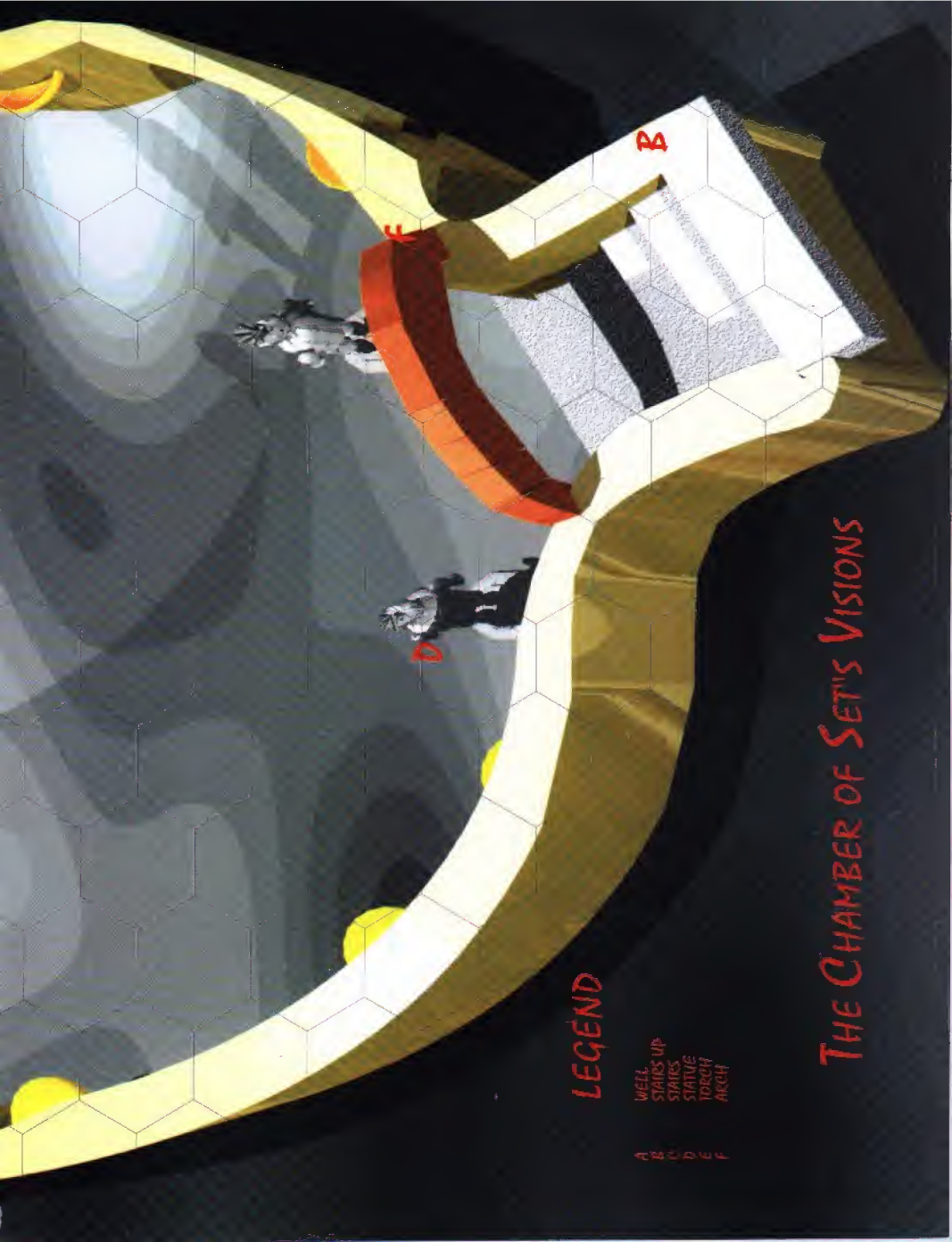
METAL PIPES
SIZE 3

CRATES
SIZE 3

STORAGE TANKS
SIZE 2 FOR EACH

CRATES
SIZE 3



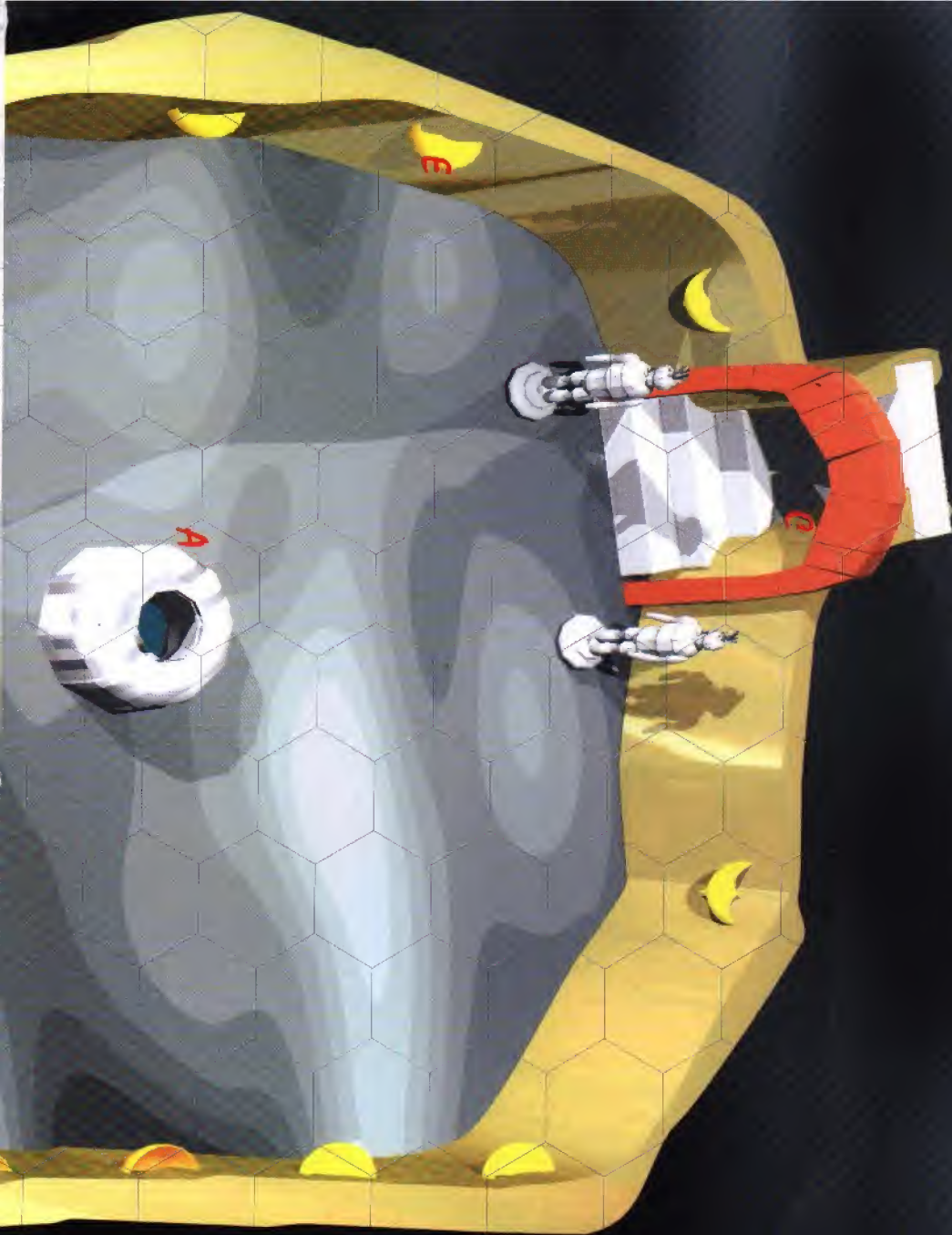


LEGEND

WHEEL
STAIRS UP
STATUE
TORCH
ARCH

A B C D E F

THE CHAMBER OF SET'S VISIONS





LE MONTE FARM



- A. Guard House
- B. Green House
- C. Watchtower
- D. Storage
- E. Kitchen
- F. Armory
- G. Entrance
- H. Entrance
- I. Entrance
- J. Entrance


















PHOENIX'S COMPOUND



LEGEND

A
B
C
D
E
F
G
H
I
J
K
L

PIT
SHIFT
USHEBTIS
PIT OF SCORPIONS
LEVER
CAVE IN
PRESSURE PLATE
SPEAR TRAP
SMASHED WALL
DOWN TO CRYPTS
BOLT TRAP
TO CHAMBER OF SET'S
VISION

								
								
Bonnie Brown	Castor Milazzo	Felix	Hercules	Jean LeMonte	Mustafa	Debesenef	Sanjin Hristovitch	Xaudo

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